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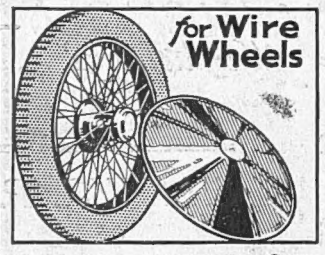

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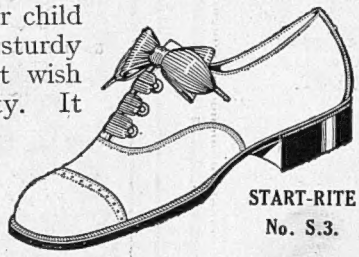

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47

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When you step into the "Corslo-Pantalon" fasten it at the back, and attach its two inner sets of suspenders to your stockings, you have thus instantly put on the equivalent of chemise, knickers, corset and camisole, and have secured the naturally supple and straightly slender figure effect which is absolutely demanded by the new fashion. Moreover, the "Corslo-Pantalon" means special daintiness as well as comfort and grace for its wearers. For as only two short central whalebones are introduced, and these can instantly be removed, and just as readily replaced, without any unstitching or resewing, the whole garment can be washed as easily as ordinary underclothes. For the hot weather months at home, therefore, and tropical countries at all times, its cool freshness will be a real delight, while even those who do not adopt it for everyday wear will be well advised to have a "Corslo-Pantalon" in readiness to ensure the right silhouette for some special day gown or dance frock. Measurements required when ordering: waist, bust and hips.

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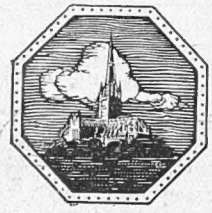
There is a NORVIC or MASCOT Depot in your Town.



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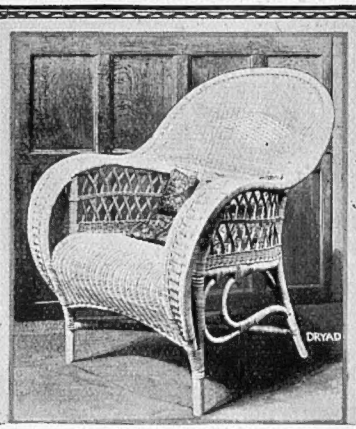

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Ideal figure.
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is the very foundation of that lovely picture every real woman wants to make of herself—and can, if she knows the secret.

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A Gossard corset designed for your very own self is going to feel more comfortable than you thought a corset would. It's going to meet you everywhere with a steady, uniform muscular support, but it isn't going to constrict or pinch you anywhere. The gracefully curved skirt of it, the slim front and back lines, the beautifully cut Gossard Brassières you'll buy with it—these things are going to give your figure a delicate, moulded roundness.

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Gossard Brassières, like Gossard Corsets, are unerringly designed for types and are moderately priced. You can find just the brassières you have always wanted; models that will join forces with your corset without a break, that will be comfortable every minute, and will place the curve of the bust just where it gives the most pleasing line. Be sure you see the new Longerlyne models; they are differently shaped to meet the need of those many women who require special support at the diaphragm as well as added length to prevent their brassieres from slipping up over the low tops of the modern corsets.

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Excelsior Shoes *for Ladies*

Beneath the perfect style and refined finish of Excelsior Shoes there is concealed a wealth of detail that makers of lesser priced shoes could not possibly afford.

These costly little details make Excelsior Shoes "A Joy to Wear." They also ensure lasting shapeliness and add months to the useful life of the shoes.

To buy Excelsior Shoes is to practise true economy and at the same time possess the comforting feeling of being perfectly dressed.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

Excelsior
MODEL, 2851.
Popular 2-strap Model in Best Patent Leather. Also obtainable in Beaver, Cinnamon, Beige, Grey, Nigger and White Doeskin. Light Welted. New shaped Leather Heel.

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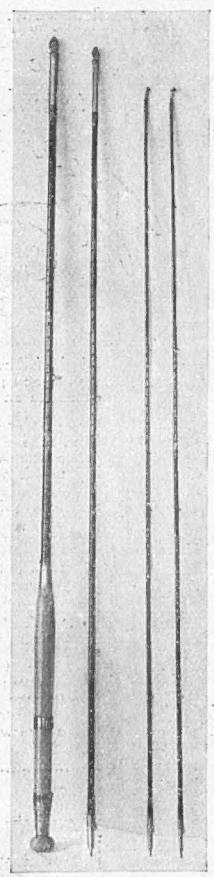

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Felt Hat Model No. 818.
Made in various fittings in several shades in Greys, Fawns, Browns, & Blues. Also in Mauve, Gold, Rose, Almond Green, & White 42/-

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BURNOUS JUMPERS

This fashionable Jumper is a copy of a recent Paris model, and is made from rich quality printed Burnous crepe, in artistic designs and colourings, and is a very practical and becoming garment.

BECOMING JUMPER (as sketch) in good quality printed Burnous crêpe, in a variety of artistic designs and colours, crossover effect, fullness each side of fronts, and new loose sleeves, jumper gathered into band at back, and finished to button at side.

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Dressy Suit with coat in artistic shades of rich quality novelty lightweight woollen brocade, attractively cut with slightly pouched back and inserted hip-piece on left side; lined crepe de Chine; well-tailored wrap over skirt in plain wool marocain to tone.

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Either garment supplied separately. Also similar style with square neck.

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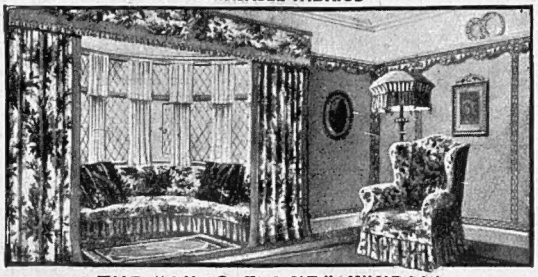

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THE "GRAFTON" SETTEE.

THE "IDLE" CHAIR.
Exceptionally comfortable deep seat Lounge, with loose feather cushion in seat and back.
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THE "IDLE" CHAIR.

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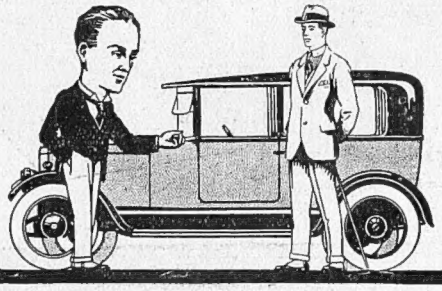

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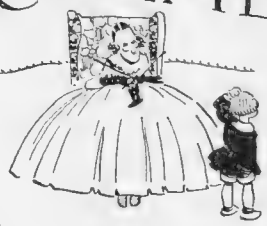
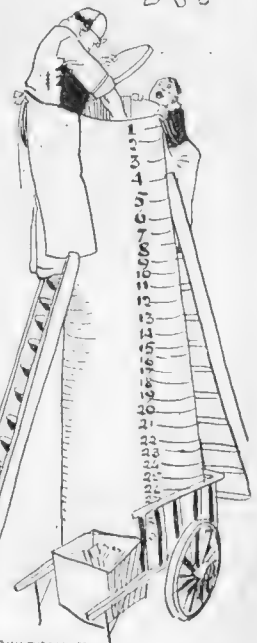
BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"ALL THE WORLDS A STAGE"



WHAT AMATEUR SPORTSMEN RIGHTLY OBJECT TO IS THE PAYING OF COLOSSAL TRANSFER FEES

I MARVEL HOW THE HOSTESS OF MAYFAIR MANAGES TO KEEP HER SERVANTS



Royal Weddings

WHEN I was quite a small boy I would sit at the feet of my elders while they played at the wonderful game of Royal Weddings. My Aunt Jane was a dab at this gentle pastime. She could tell you offhand which Royal Princess was married to which Serene Highness. In imagination she climbed the Royal family trees, even into their uttermost branches, and they never let her down. As a feat of memory and endurance it was something to remember, particularly in the case of those German princelings who came a-wooing in those far-off days.

Who's Who's?

TO-DAY, there is a revival in the game, but I doubt if the modern generation will be able to compete with my Aunt Jane at her favourite pastime. Already I am getting a little woolly on the question of "Who's Who's," as Amy Augarde would say. After a lull of several decades, Royal weddings are following so thick and fast that it is difficult to keep track of them. And there are more to come. Even though my Aunt Jane died without leaving me any money, I am bound to admit that she was a very remarkable woman.

The Cup Final

PROFESSIONAL football reaches its annual zenith on Saturday, when the Cup Finalists do battle at Wembley. Those croakers who say that professionalism must ruin sport are far from being justified, the International and Cup games having reached a high level of sportsmanship. I suppose that West Ham will be raging favourites all over the country, and their delightful forward play more nearly approximates to amateur standards than that of any other team.

Transfer Fees

WHAT amateur sportsmen rightly object to is the paying of colossal transfer fees. But this sort of thing usually defeats itself in the long run. You may have a collection of stars and yet have no team to speak of. These famous players very rarely get properly together, and it is as true now as it ever was that you can't secure the Cup by writing a cheque for it. If this were the case, West Ham wouldn't be playing in the Final on Saturday. Good luck to them!

Clocking In

I CAN'T understand why Members of Parliament should feel aggrieved because their voting record is to be published. After all, they do not serve their country in an honorary capacity. They get paid for the job, and we have a right to know that they are occasionally at their posts. One day, the Whips may go one better and make them "clock in" during the session. Very humiliating, I admit, but the politician has lost his old amateur status and, being a professional, has no grounds for complaint.

A Seasonable Problem

FROM the Society columns, I gather that "the Season" is upon us, and more than ever I marvel how the hostess

(*Continued on page* 85)

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Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand, Phyllis Dare.

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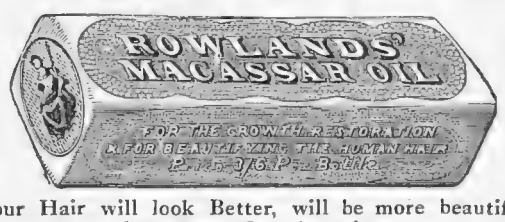

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of Mayfair manages to keep her servants during the entertaining season. You may tell me that many people entertain their friends at the clubs and restaurants, but the sounds of revelry from large private houses prove that this is not entirely the case. You will then say, possibly, that hired men are brought in to do the extra work. I can only say that the hired woman who assisted at my last supper party did not save me from disaster. My cook left me just the same.

A Page from the Past

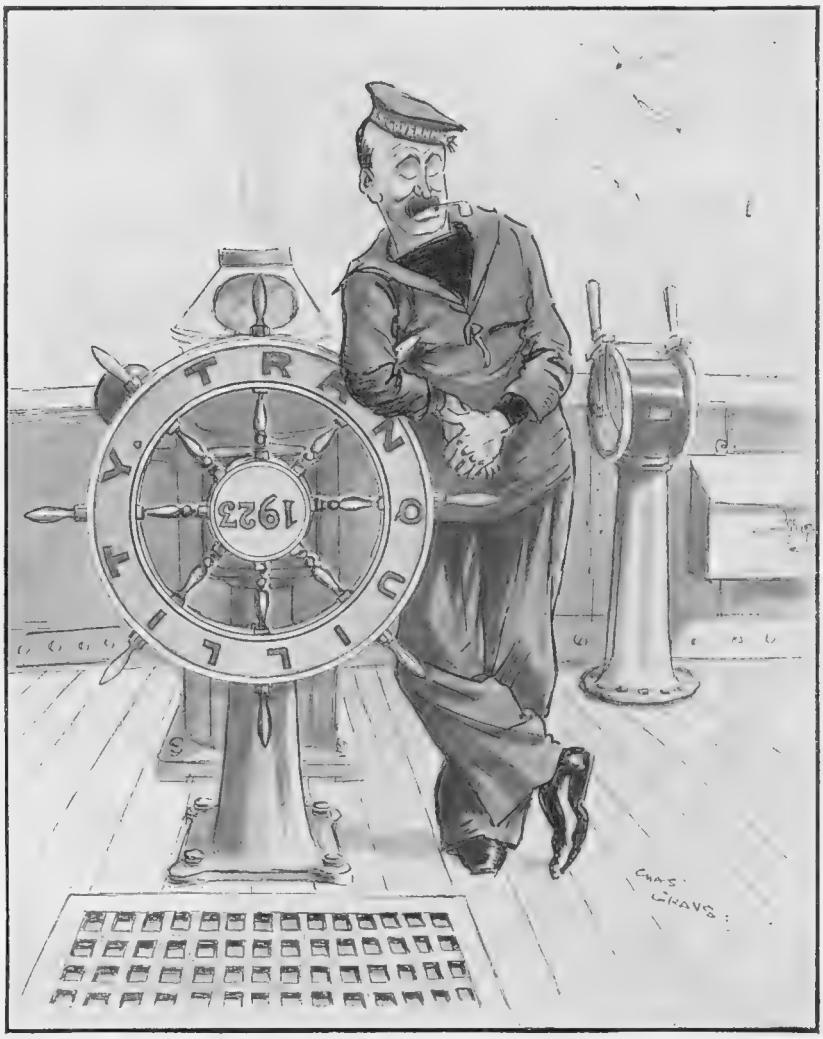
At a time when the London theatres are swamped with American plays and players, it is good to be reminded that we helped to establish the dramatic taste of New York. As long ago as 1888-9, the Gaiety Theatre Company, headed by Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie, went a-touring into the wild and woolly West, and, in due course, appeared at Detroit. Their performance was witnessed by a local playgoer, who was sufficiently enthusiastic to secure their autographs, and now, after thirty-five years, the present management of the Gaiety have received a faded page of an old autograph book, on which the names of the two favourites are clearly legible.

"Grace and Beauty"

"This little paper," writes the sender, "is sent in the hope that it will reach the hands of someone who may, like myself, remember them with a smile for their gaiety, and a clutch at the heart for their passing. It is sent, also, because of the nearness of the last fall of the curtain for the sender, who has cherished throughout the years the memory of grace and beauty revealed to her delighted young eyes by the London Gaiety Company." The autographs will be framed and placed on exhibition at the Gaiety Theatre.

The Moral of *Angelo*

Poor old *Angelo!* No one can fail to regret his spectacular failure at the National Theatre, but he has rendered the British Drama a signal service by reminding us once again that the play *really* is the thing. All the scenery in the world will not avert disaster if the story fails to convince. Managers are fond of saying that we have no dramatists. Let them take their courage in both hands and produce a few home-grown plays for a change. Drury Lane could have had four ordinary failures for the money they lost over *Angelo*. And they *might* have found a winner.



By Chas. Grave

DON'T SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL

A Lovely Death

Those enterprising merchants who suggested that certain selected children should be fed on nothing but ice-cream for a month in order to prove its nutritive qualities, have been discouraged by the medical authorities. The children, I understand, were quite prepared to take the risk, and if the worst had come to the worst they would doubtless have considered it a lovely death. I suppose we shall next be asked to live on pickles to prove that they are pure. Racegoers appear to live on gherkins, but I suppose they have a change of diet on Sundays.

Green for Danger!

Reformers are trying to make life very hard for the would-be suicide. They propose that pepper should be put in coal gas in order that we may sneeze it out of our system. Not content with that, they further suggest that arsenic and other poisons should be coloured a bright green, thus making the path of the poisoner even more thorny than it is at present. I've never been able to understand why green should be considered such a wicked colour! In my youth, I was warned against girls with green eyes and so it has gone on ever since.

Photograph] CHACUN À SON GOÛT! *[Alfieri*

Mr. A. C. Clark (left), the Misses Mackintosh, Mr. F. Graham: Mackintosh, Mrs. A. C. Clark, Mrs. Westerbergh and Master Peter Westerbergh enjoy a lunch "al fresco" at the West Kent Point-to-Point at Kemsing

Photograph *British Illus.*

LOOKING FOR A WINNER

Major P. G. Reynolds and Mrs. Ranolph Bingley at the Essex and Suffolk Point-to-Point held at Little Wenham last week

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Petrol or Voice Production?

THE Prince of Wales and the Prime Minister have both been sitting in the halls of the voiceless. They are two distinguished victims out of very many, for recently there has been an epidemic of throat trouble. Sometimes it takes the form of a perpetually recurring irritation, in other cases—as with the Prince and Mr. Bonar Law—it produces voicelessness.

Some of the doctors put the cause down to the petrol fumes we all breathe in London, but voice producers declare that no throat can stand the strain of incessant public speaking unless the speaker is properly trained, and uses his speaking voice just as properly trained singers use theirs.

We've all heard of "clergyman's throat." This, I believe, comes from wrong voice-production. A singing-master, discussing the matter, told me that vocalists who produce their voices wrongly lose them at a comparatively early age. Nothing, he said, except the loss of physical strength, ever affected a singing voice rightly produced. He instanced Patti and Sims Reeves. Age may mar the tone and power, but the voice is still there.

Perhaps the Prince and the Prime Minister have been suffering from a combination of "petrol throat" and wrong production. Only there are heaps of other people who never speak in public who are suffering in the same way. Perhaps they talk too much at home.

Photograph *British Illus.*

WHAT'S HIS NUMBER?

Miss C. Peck (left) and Miss E. Bryant cast 'we hope' prophetic eyes on their cards at the Southwold Point-to-Point

The King and the Vatican

THE agitation against the King and Queen paying a visit to the Pope, during their visit to Rome, is one of those blind, illogical things in which a certain section of English folk seem to delight.

The King rules over several millions of Roman Catholics. A visit, therefore, to the head of the Roman Church is a matter of both natural and international courtesy. Suppose the King and Queen were paying a visit to Constantinople. Would there be this clamour if their Majesties paid a State visit to the spiritual head of the Mahommedan faith? Not a bit of it! The same people who agitate against the visit to the Vatican would be up in arms if the British Sovereign did not recognise the Mahommedans. Can't you hear what they would say about the "teeming millions of Mahommedans in India and elsewhere under British rule"? And yet they get up meetings of protest against the visit to the Vatican!

The Embassy Difficulty

WHEN King Edward visited the Pope we had no envoy at the Papal Court. The British Embassy to the Italian Government was consequently regarded as extra-territorial, and the visit to the Vatican was paid from there. Now we have an envoy accredited to the Pope. But he has no embassy house. The difficulty has been got over by the Palazzo Patrizi being lent to our envoy for the week of the Royal visit, and, by an amiable fiction, the Palazzo will be regarded as the British Embassy to the Vatican during the King and Queen's visit.

Photograph *British Illus.*

THAT "WINNING" SMILE

The Hon. Mrs. Duberly and Lady Violet Brassey at the Woodland Pytchley and Fitzwilliam Point-to-Point held at Brigstock

Photograph *British Illus.*

VARYING FORTUNES

Mrs. Berryman (left), Mrs. Buckle, Miss Conway Gordon and Mrs. Chalmers discuss their winners—and losers—at the Southwold Point-to-Point at Spilsby

A Brilliant Season

HUNTING is over. The season on the Riviera is coming to an end, so all sorts and conditions of folks, who have been busy after hounds in the Shires, or getting sunburnt, losing their pennies, or playing tennis on the Côte d'Azur, will be coming back to London.

Everything promises a gay and brilliant season. People grouse, but all the same they are grateful to Mr. Baldwin. The extra sixpence off the income-tax makes a big difference. It will help trade instead of making a Government surplus.

Photograph *Alfieri*

HERE THEY COME!

Mr. C. L. Fox (left), Brigadier-General Stratford and Miss Renée Taylor watching the 'chases at the West Kent Point-to-Point at Kemsing

A Delicate Question

LADY Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon when she becomes Duchess of York will be a Royal Highness. There cannot possibly be any distinction between her position and that of her husband. If there were, it would not be an equal marriage. In all grades of society wives take their husbands' rank and degree, and now that the Germanic rule that Royalty can only mate with Royalty has been thrown overboard, and the Royal house has returned to the old English code of sons and daughters of the Sovereign choosing their mates amongst the nobility, it would be entirely against the principle which has brought about the change if any difference were made between a Royally born husband and his non-Royally born wife.

The Royal Amateur Art Society

PRINCESS MARY is to open the annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society, which is being held this year in Dame Alice Godman's house, 45, Pont Street. Pencil drawings, known as "plumbagoes," which date from the Stuart period to about 150 years ago, will be a feature of the loan annexe that is always so interesting a part of these exhibitions; there will also be inkstands of all kinds, and miniature furniture.

The King is lending some of these plumbago portraits from the Royal collection at Windsor, chiefly portraits of famous actors and actresses. The Duchess of Somerset is lending a superb Paul Lamerie inkstand. One always

Photograph *Sport and General*

WATCHING THE DOGGIE TRIALS

Lord Henniker and Mrs. Quintin Dick at the Kennel Club Trials, held at Orwell Park, Ipswich, last week

sees the best amateur work in England at these exhibitions, and this year promises to be no exception. There will be paintings of every kind, miniatures, gesso-work, lacquer, book-binding, enamels, statuary, lace, and I don't know how many other things. A mantelpiece with fine plaster decorations will be shown by the Hon. Claud Yorke.

Mr. Ouless, R.A., will judge the paintings, the Dowager-Countess of Gosford the work; Miss Katherine Adams the handicrafts; and Mrs. Scully the lace. Princess Mary will open the exhibition at 12.15 a.m. on Monday, April 30, and present the medals and prizes awarded by the judges. The exhibition will remain open for three days only, but on Sunday, April 29, there will be a private view from 3 to 6 p.m. for holders of season tickets only. All the proceeds will be divided between the East London Nursing Society, the Royal Association for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Tickets, season or day, may be obtained from Miss Bradshaw, 11, Alfred Place, S.W.7, and your BYSTANDER hopes that his readers will flock to Pont Street both to help these three most deserving charities, and to support amateur art.

Photographs Personality Photo Press and Farringdon Photo Co.

BUSY DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING

The bride and groom-to-be are as busy as most young couples in their before-wedding week—only more so. Our pictures show the Duke with Mr. Brownlee at the headquarters of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, which he visited as President of the Industrial Welfare Society; and Lady Elizabeth completing her shopping

Photograph Bassano

WEDDING BELLS IN THE WEST

Captain M. L. Buller, M.C., and his bride, Miss Silvia Watney, the daughter of Mr. and Lady Margaret Watney, of Cornbury Park, Oxfordshire, after their marriage last week

Photograph Sport and General

ALL SMILES

A happy snapshot, outside the Brompton Oratory, of Lord Manton, of "the Blues," and his bride, Miss Alethea Langdale, passing under an arch of swords after their marriage. Eventhe stern "beaux sabreurs" of the bridegroom's regiment are smiling—surely a happy augury!

"Hints" for Chequers

THE late Sir Mark Sykes had a delightful sense of humour. Mr. Shane Leslie, in the biography just published, gives the following "rules of deportment" drawn up by Sir Mark for residents at Chequers at the time it was given by Lord and Lady Lee of Farnham to be a country residence for British Prime Ministers: "Prime Ministers' eldest sons alone shall have the right to carve the names of their *fiancées* on the grand staircase." "An English country gentleman is to be kept on the premises for the entertainment of the resident Minister, and to give tone to the establishment."

"In the event of a Prime Minister being a woman, the Prime Minister's husband will be regarded by the domestic staff as the mistress of the house."

"In the event of a Prime Minister being engaged in conference with a member of his Cabinet who is of the

opposite sex, members of the domestic staff will knock twice before entering the room."

"Gentlemen guests of the resident Minister will be required to wear evening dress at dinner. In order that the artistic unities may be preserved they will be inspected by the President of the Royal Academy, who, on behalf of the Trustees, will decide whether their appearance is in harmony with the traditions and surroundings of the Ministerial residence."

"Tips for Toffs"

THESE instructions remind one of that amusing book, *Tips for Toffs*, from which everybody used to quote about twenty years ago. One of the "tips," I remember, was, "Peripatetic Duchesses when visiting Wesleyan ministers would do well to remember that a small hand-bag in the bedroom is preferable to an overland trunk on the lawn."

Photograph *Bassano*

AFTER THE WEDDING

Mr. Jack Wendell, Lady Carnarvon's brother, and his bride, Miss Eileen Carr, who were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, last week

Show Places

IT is not a comfortable position to be the owner of what is called a "show" place. Even when sightseers respect property and obey the rules which must be made of necessity, there is considerable annual expense involved in the matter of carpets or druggets, in extra cleaning and the re-polishing of floors. When the public don't respect your property the expense and irreparable damage can be anything.

Lord Dynevor has recently been obliged to close Dynevor Castle in Carmarthenshire because of the destruction wrought by sightseers who have obviously the blood of hooligans flowing in their veins.

When one went to dine or to stay at Eaton Hall in old days it used to give one an odd impression on entering that ducal abode to see a turnstile fixed in the hall. This had been put up for the multi mul i trippers from Lancashire whose money, paid for the privilege of seeing over the Duke of Westminster's house, was given to local charities. I don't know whether that business-like turnstile is still *in situ*.

Photograph *Vandyk*

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK

To whom "The Bystander" offers its respectful congratulations on the occasion of their Silver Wedding which they will celebrate on April 26—that doubly felicitous date

Chatsworth is regarded by north-country folk as their own special holiday resort. The famous Palm House, which was the model in little of the Crystal Palace, has now been taken down. It used to cost something close upon £10,000 a year. The late Duke of Devonshire was most anxious to cut down this expense, but he was warned that if he did so it would have a bad political effect in all the big north-country cities, so it went on being kept up solely for the benefit of the sightseer until the War made such things impossible.

A Little Bewildering

SPEAKING of Lord Dynevor recalls two unusual points about his family to my mind. I believe he is

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

THE OPENING MEET

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland and their two sons chatting with two friends at Shere, where the Crowhurst Otter Hounds recently met for the first time this season

Photograph *Photopress*

IN THE PADDOCK

The Hon. George Lascelles (Princess Mary's brother-in-law) and Lord Grimthorpe at the Holderness Point-to-Point

the only peer whose only three aunts are all married to clergymen, and that he is the only peer whose family name has been changed by Royal licence no less than five times in a hundred and thirty years.

The name was originally Rice: then the name of De Cardonnell was assumed by two successive Lords Dynevor. In the third generation the surname of Trevor was added to Rice, and the present peer four years ago obtained the Royal licence to change the Rice into Rhys, which is pronounced in exactly the same way.

My Lady of the Heel-Taps.

EVERYONE of us, even the most generous, has some pet little meanness. I know a very rich man to whom it is a positive distress to give anyone a wax match.

We were talking of these odd little meannesses at a dinner the other evening. Various instances were given, for instance, the father of the late Duke of Westminster, who kept all the envelopes of letters and unused half sheets of notepaper, and used them for his own correspondence. And he was one of the richest men in England!

But for downright and unadulterated meanness the widow of a once famous judge was an easy first. One of the guests, who knew her well, told us that whenever she gave a dinner-party, immediately the men came up to the drawing-room the legal lady darted downstairs and locked the dining-room doors.

When all her guests had departed she went to the dining-room and poured all the heel-taps in the glasses back into their respective bottles!

Our Frontispiece

THE Hon. Mrs. Wilfred Bailey is the wife of Lord Glanusk's heir and only surviving son. The two younger brothers were killed during the War. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Frank Dugdale, Equerry-in-Waiting to Queen Mary, and of Lady Eva Dugdale, Lord Warwick's sister, who was a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, when Her Majesty was Duchess of York, and Woman of the Bedchamber when she became Princess of Wales, a post to which Lady Eva was re-appointed after the King and Queen's accession.

A Special Number

ROYAL Wedding Numbers have always proved peculiarly attractive, and this may be especially said of those published by the *Graphic* in past years. Its "Royal Wedding Number," which will be issued on April 28, is no exception to the rule, and will prove a splendid pictorial record of the Abbey ceremony, as well as of the careers of the happy pair.

Photograph] **A PARTY OF POINT-TO-POINTERS** *[British Illus.*

Mr. and Mrs. Bunnel Burton (left), Canon Bannerman and Mrs. Tidmus at the Essex and Suffolk Point-to-Point, recently held at Grange Farm, Little Wenham

A Parliamentary Vision of the Future

BY E. T. REED

Thanks to the squabbles and futilities of the other parties we are given a useful opportunity of seeing what we are in for when Labour gets the upper hand

The Riviera Week by Week

THE opera season, a very fine one for a change, finished on the 15th with *La Tosca* and *Nuit Persanne*. On Saturday night *Pagliacci* was given, with Lappas singing wonderfully and acting splendidly, preceded by *Le Prince Enchainé*, adapted from a charming Chinese legend written by Mme. Ernesta Stern to the somewhat bizarre music of Bianchini. Mme. Stern's Villa "Torre Clementina," at Cap Martin, is rather wonderful and interesting, like herself. She writes novels, etc., as "Maria Star," and has a strong leaning to the occult. The delightful Russian Ballet season has now begun under Monsieur Serge de Diagileu. *Carnaval, The Marriage of Aurora, Sheherazade, Les Sylphides, Contes Russes*, the *Danses Polovtsiennes* of Prince Igor, *Papillons*, and the first performance here of *Penthsilée*, by Alfred Mortier—a well-known Nice author—to the music of M. Marc Delmas.

Photograph BRAME HILLYARD [*Sport and General*

The veteran English lawn tennis player who has been rewarded for his perseverance on the Riviera, and for his faith in the trusty cap with upturned peak, by victories in the Singles at the last two tournaments of the season

THE weather for the last tournament of the season was very uncertain and no play on Friday and part of Saturday, but some very interesting players entered in the Beausoleil Championships for the first time at La Festa, including the Danish champion, M. Worm, Mlle. Alvarez—the young Spanish star who won the final easily from Mrs. Satterthwaite—and Miss Bancroft, one of the strongest American lady players. The Spanish girl might win easily at Wimbledon in two years, and become the strongest lady-player the world has seen so far. Good galleries, as usual, here.

THE Canot Automobile week interests many people in the trade very much, but it is a great expense to the International Sporting Club. The money spent is badly wanted to remake the golf greens, which have been starved since the War. Good golf is more and more indispensable here now, and the course is in itself so interesting, that it is a pity to upset the players with bad greens. Big changes have taken place in the Administration of the Société des Bains de Mer, and a more enlightened policy will be pursued in the future to outdoor sports. Prince Pierre, who married the Hereditary Princess Charlotte of Monaco, has accepted the Hon. Presidency of the Golf Club. As soon as money is available the ideas of the secretary of the Golf Club will be carried out. There is a project for a fine course at Mont Alban, above Mont Boron—close to Nice. It would act as a relief course to Mont Agel, and be easy of access by the Middle Corniche Road, just past Eze and Villefranche Harbour.

Photograph *Alfieri*

ON THE LINKS AT LE TOUQUET

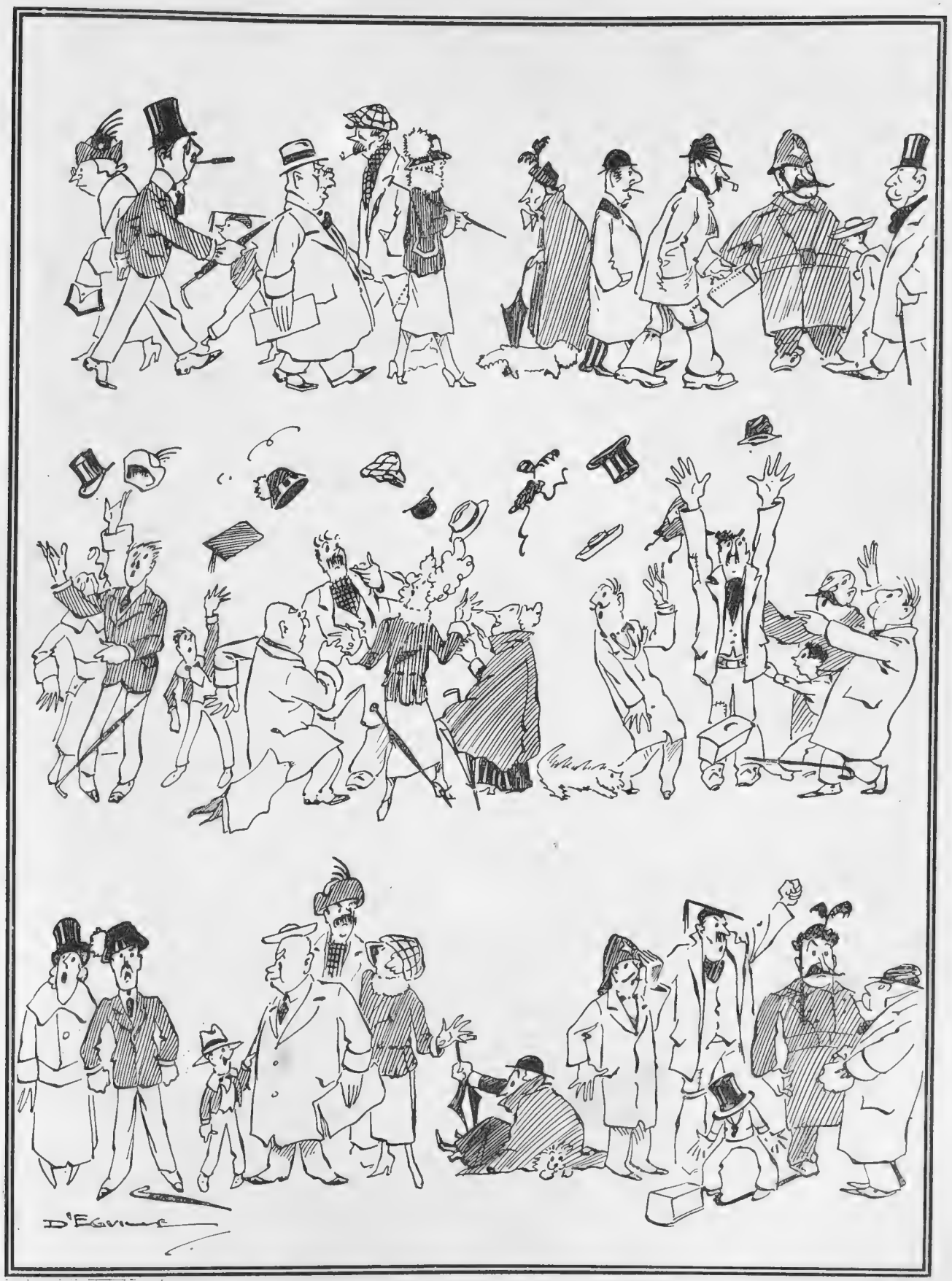
Lord Suirdale, the Earl of Donoughmore's eldest son, and his sister, Lady Doreen Hely-Hutchinson, two of the many English visitors who have recently discovered the charm of the classic Le Touquet Course

IN the competition for prizes offered by M. Reinhart and Mr. A. S. Napier at Cannes recently, the Mont Agel first string—Arthur Grant—finished equal second with Bernard Callaway, of Cannes, out of fourteen engaged; and the second string—George Arnold—played the best score of the day for eighteen holes—73—though the course was new to them. The amateur record of 73 was made by Mr. Ted Blackwell recently. It was a great day, and the first place was taken by the caddie-master at the Nice Golf Club, who was one of the four Frenchmen entered. *Vive "La Belle France"* and Auguste Boyer!

MR. THORPE WILSON'S lovely villa, "Rose Marina," is very hospitable and gay just now in preparation for the marriage of his daughter Olive, to Colonel Gossett on April 26. Her wedding-gown from Jeanne Lauvin is said to be a dream.

ONE of the prettiest teas of the season was given recently by Mr. and Mrs. Rigby Murray at the Royal Hotel, overlooking the exquisite harbour and rock of Monaco. The first violin, Monsieur Wagemans, and Monsieur Galéotti, the well-known pianist, played an interesting programme from Schuman, Beethoven, Wagner, Massenet, Kriesler, Schubert and Grieg. Among the guests were the Earl and Countess of Mar, Mr. Barstow and the Baroness Orczy, Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bethall, Miss Bacon, Colonel Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, Marquis and Marquise de Gontaut Biron, Lady de Bathe, Lady Carmichael, Lady Hicks, Lady Spearman, Lady Eardley Wilmot, Colonel and Mrs. Bignell, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. C. Ralli, the Hon. Reginald Brougham and Mrs. Brougham, Rev. R. Jamblin, Mr. Easthope Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Pryce Mitchall, Major and Mrs. Plevins, Miss Whigham, Major Owen, Mr. and Miss Thorpe Wilson, Mrs. Morse Rummel and her son, Mr. Frank Rummel, Colonel Wallace, Major and Mrs. Norman Leslie, Baron Guido Thomitz, etc.

All Change!



BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

One of the many unpleasant vagaries of those tiresome East winds

You and I and Golf

BY PENDARVES

I HEARD recently of a young gentleman, and there is reliable evidence in support of it, who carried a green with his drive from the tee, *a distance of over* 300 *yards*, on a famous course. I know the hole well. There was very little run on the ball that day. It was not one of those delicious shots when you get that tigerish spin on the ball which carries it on and on up the fairway. It was just solid, accurate beef. There is no other word. Three hundred yards—think of it!—before the ball comes to ground, and no south-westerly gale behind it! I am sorry to hear about this, because I am convinced when I next reach this tee I shall remember the gargantuan drive, and I shall press like Hejira. So I won't tell you where it was, lest you should go and do likewise.

SEVERAL people have been talking to me lately, in a lugubrious voice, about the expense of golf. There have always been phases of this ever since I can remember; times when, after an unsatisfactory day, the man in the railway carriage says glumly, "What do you reckon it costs you a year, ol' man?" It is best not to think about it overmuch. It has got to be borne, if the game is played. Though there are clubs which profiteer, just as there are men. I was playing on a course last Saturday where they charge a pound green-fee over the week-ends, and you move about amongst millionaires. Lots of clubs do this, they *say*, to keep the visitor away, though I imagine they do not mind the colour of his money. Our host drove us down, three of us, in the last word in cars. They have a way here of settling for everything on leaving, by which time I was thinking grimly of my overdraft. But our delightful man waved away our protestations with the remark, "There is nothing to pay, it isn't allowed; no, not even the caddies!" This doesn't happen often, I assume, to any of us. We are wondering how and where we can repay him, and what it will cost us?

A well-known lady golfer told me the other day she reckoned that to play golf properly cost about £200 a year. This seemed to me an approximately accurate sort of sum, gambling excluded, of course. But women, I find, don't ruin the game this way, as some of us do. The free lance golfer, a post-war product, bred of necessity, who cannot afford a club subscription and plays where and when he can (his name is legion) usually reckons on seeing no change out of a sovereign every time he plays. Even so he must be a temperate man!

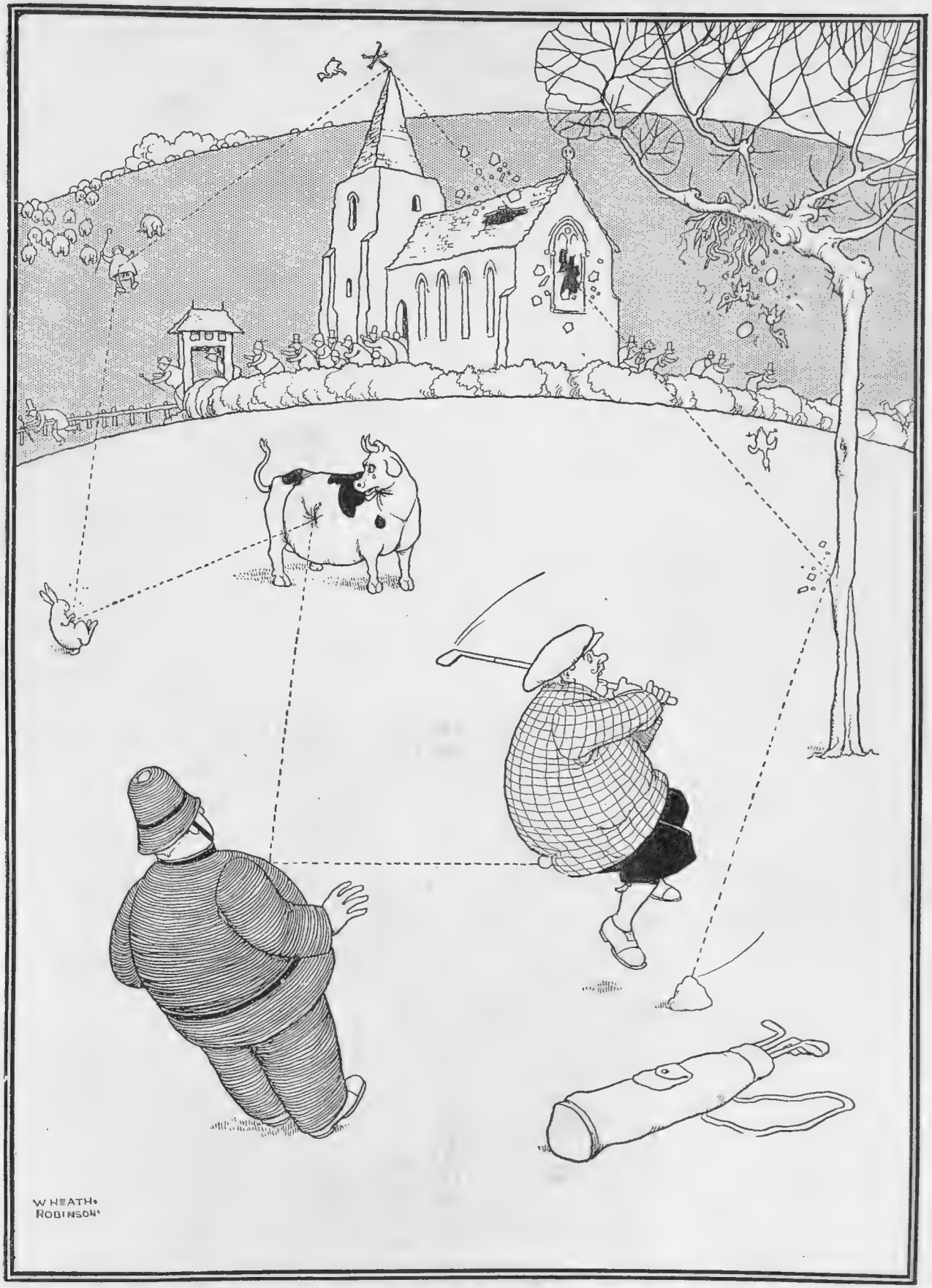
By Oswald Cuningham

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

WRITING of gambling, I know of two men who, before the War, played a match of eighteen holes for a Rolls-Royce car. I have always considered that the limit. But it has been easily surpassed since. Quite recently four gentlemen (the hand itches to pen another word) decided upon what they were pleased to term "a little flutter," as follows. A four-ball foursome over thirty-six holes. £1 per stroke. £5 per hole, and £50 on the match. It was, to my mind, chiefly remarkable for the unconscious grain of humour let fall by one of the participants, who complained that he had £5 worth of golf in one bunker. Thinking of this match, and seeing at the same time the ex-service man holding out his cap on the pavement edge, makes me feel rather sick.

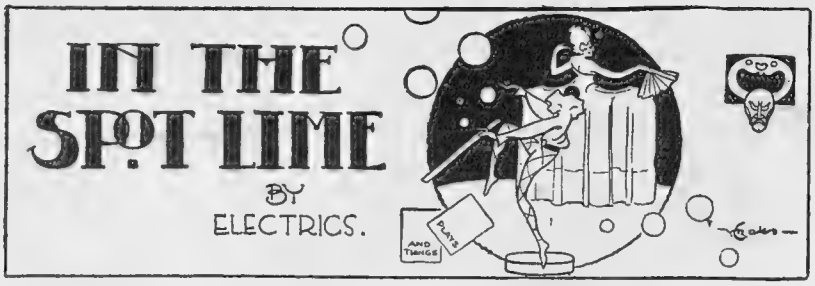
THE pathos of golf was never more clearly defined than in a photograph I saw recently of one of the world's richest men at the end of his (so-called) swing. Everything about him was tragically wrong. The ball, if he hit it at all, must have gone to mid-off. Both legs were as stiff as his share market. His grip and the angle of his shoulders were nightmare-ish. His golf-coat was a sartorial impossibility. The expression on his face was that of a soul bound in torment everlasting. Curious, when you think of it. Presumably he plays because he likes it. All the pros. in the world could be marshalled to assist him into some sort of golfing order. They none of them have, obviously. And he could buy the freeholds of half a dozen golf clubs and not notice any financial draught whatever. And yet he can eat nothing, they say, but dry toast without misery. So winks a remorseless fate.

A Stern Effort



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A hitherto unrecorded drive in our recent £500 Golf Competition



"How *can* I get into the West End?" asked a young man of my acquaintance, one of that vast and hapless round-and-round-the-provinces-week-in-week-out fraternity. I was about to remind him that the lane—to the Lane, as it were—was long and hard, but that it was a long . . . no turning.

"WHAT about———, at the ——— Theatre, who came straight to Town from Oxford?" he said sharply. And then—"Both the author and producer of the big West End success I'm touring in came to my dressing-room one day and assured me that I was much better than the original man."

HIS first turning-on beat me; for he himself is from Oxford, with all the Oxford manner, and withal the Oxford manner adapted to technical stage requirements. Then, dealing with the second, I found a key to the mystery.

HE only knew his authors and managers by post, having been away so constantly. Write two hundred letters was all he could do . . . which was hopeless against two hours in the Green Room Club, or one drink at the Cavour. That's how the West End's reached, when there's no particular family influence (such as I know young ——— of ———— Theatre happens to have)—by knowing 'em in Club or bar—knowing 'em *off duty*. How few ambitious young actors realise this! The amount of "worth-while considering for your next London production" begun, continued, and ended entirely in the manner, so to speak, of a firm of Gray's Inn Road solicitors is practically *nil*.

"INVEST!" I eventually told my friend; "Invest—in a month or two deliberately 'out'—however much it may strain your resources. Come to Town—haunt the *out*-of-office *rendezvous* of the Great Ones—keep off 'shop'—(very difficult to do and appreciate why, but very effective)—dress, of course, well—and, above all, *let everybody think you don't want a job under any circumstances.*"

He's "investing," as I write . . .

IT amuses me to see how bitterly our West End chorus girl loathes her Health Insurance Card, "forgetting to get it from the Post Office," "leaving it at home," "losing it," and so on, until the Treasurer threatens to hold up her "envelope" as hostage. Heaven knows her health needs all the insuring it can get; but I guess it must be an embarrassment to have to produce a document that shows her weekly income is only £3—produce it from a handbag that matches a gown that's good enough for a daily lunch at the Savoy, very likely with a man himself of Postmaster-General status.

ONCE, not so very long ago, a certain managerial name appeared—that of Bostock, and many people considered accordingly that they were being offered (*pace* Benrimo), in *The Broken Wing*, a kind of circus-ring affair. In reality, the affair had, despite the aeroplane smash, nothing "circussy" about it . . . and was well worth seeing.

I CONGRATULATE Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, congratulate him most sincerely, on deliberately announcing the temporary absence of Fay Compton from the Comedy play—giving the understudy, in fact, a Press night. Better to risk a pound or two than be slave to that miserable "star" system.

I STOOD at a stage door last week at, say, 8.25, when through it madly rushed a very well-known actress, due for her first entrance at, say, 8.32. This happened almost nightly, the hall-keeper confided . . . but the audience was never returned a proportion of its money for a performance below the standard set in the implied contract between artist and public.

LET me give honour to the very West End chorus girl who will tell you that her father is an honest bricklayer, and that her mother takes in washing—*and* that she helps her mother every single morning and (non-*matinée*) afternoon. Then let me hasten to see the young lady perform on the stage—for her wealth of natural beauty and technical talent must indeed be very great, in order to counteract her poverty in the matter of gentlemen friends in the stalls—*alibique*.

Photograph *Navana*

MR. E. TAYLOR PLATT

The hard-working Secretary of the Society of the West End and Theatrical Managers' Association, whose recent marriage to Miss Hilda Glynn was a most popular event in the theatrical world

PICKED ATHLETES OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Photograph TWO FINE HURDLERS [*L. N. A.*

R. G. Besley of Taunton (right) beat P. H. Stewart-Brown (Harrow) by inches in the Hurdles in 18 2-5 sec.

Photograph ANOTHER MATTER OF INCHES—OR LESS [*Alfieri*

C. F. Harrison (Eton) beats E. T. Casdagli (Harrow), the holder, by about the barest margin possible in the 100 Yards. His time, 10 2-5 sec., was a fraction better than the previous best. Casdagli won the Quarter Mile

Photograph V. B. POWELL (Clifton) [*L. N. A.*

With a fine jump of 21 ft. 9½ in. beats the existing long jump record handsomely by a clear 8 inches. He was also third in the Hundred

Photograph *Central News*

INCHES YET AGAIN!

The gruelling finish of the Half Mile, in which M. F. Young (Westminster) beat W. L. Caryer (Cranbrook) on the tape in 2 min. 5 3-5 sec.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

J. B. CARNE (Polytechnic)

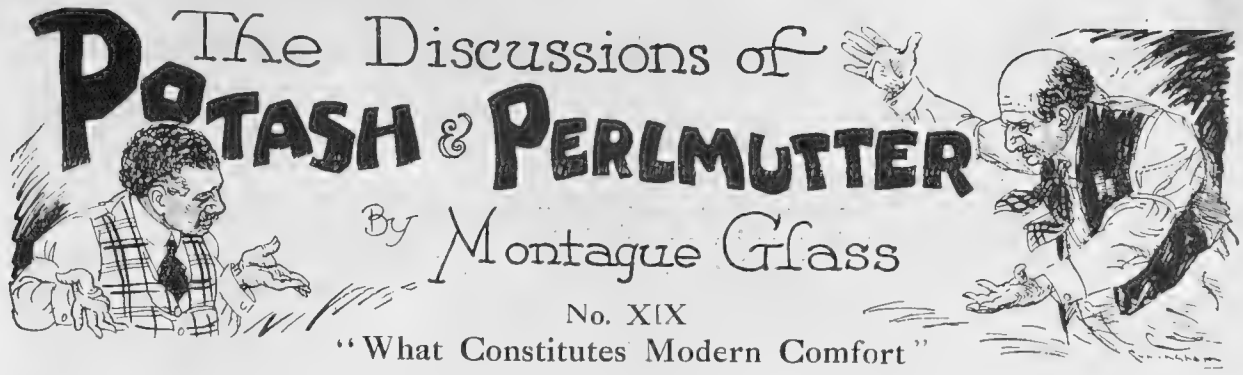
Wins the One Mile Walk as if it were a mere stroll, and incidentally creates a new record—7 min. 32 2-5 secs.

The standard of athletics among public schoolboys has steadily risen since the War, and in three events at their Championships at Stamford Bridge the existing records were beaten, as detailed above. A snapshot of V. E. Morgan (Charterhouse), who repeated his last year's victory in the Mile, besides winning the Three-quarter Mile Steeplechase, was given in our last issue. The Schools' Championship was won by Clifton, who beat Charterhouse and Harrow (bracketed second) by 21 points to 20

The Tomb of Kings—and Others!

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

DEEP EXCAVATIONS ARE EVIDENTLY NOT CONFINED TO EGYPT



No. XIX
"What Constitutes Modern Comfort"

"I SEEN yesterday a moving picture by the name 'The Shriek,' Mawruss," Abe Potash said to his partner, Morris Perlmutter, "where the parties all live out in the African desert in tents already, and what them tents didn't got in the way of modern conveniences you wouldn't believe at all."

"Say! For that matter I seen already in moving pictures modern conveniences in filums supposed to be in the time of Napoleon which a whole lot of first-class hotels in New York City ain't got installed yet," Morris declared, "so if you are fixing to spend a couple of months on the African desert next summer in the expectations that you could come home every evening to a tent with hot and cold running water, needle shower and sitz bath, y'understand, my advice to you, Abe, is to go instead to the Catskill Mountains, where the hot water faucet is, anyhow, *labelled* hot water even if the goods are misbranded."

"'The Shreik' never fooled me for a minute about life in the African desert, Mawruss," Abe said, "which the best anybody can expect in a neighbourhood like that is that he would get bit by a lion a hundred miles from the nearest drug store without being covered by a cent of accident insurance against lion bites, y'understand, but that ain't the way moving picture audiences look at them things.

"When they pay a quarter to see an African Shriek kidnap a good-looking moving picture lady, y'understand, it's got to be a high-grade Shriek who lives in a tent with the latest, up-to-the-minute equipment for Shriek's tents. People nowadays demand modern comforts, no matter where they are, and moving picture manufacturers realise that, Mawruss, just so much as hotel proprietors do even in towns where twenty years ago one clean roller towel a week in the washroom was considered already a concession to travellers that came there from the big cities."

"A little back talk . . ."

The Effete Travelling Salesmen

"And to-day, yet a forty-dollar-a-week drummer, if he couldn't have a room and bath in every town he makes, y'understand, he comes back from the road and tells about it like it would be the equivalence of an artic explorationer going twenty days without food and finally eating all the dogs and the official photographer," Morris said.

"As for a salesman going from New York to Philadelphia in a day coach nowadays, Abe, you might just so well expect him to travel there on his hands and knees. If the seats is all sold in the chair car on the nine o'clock train he takes the ten o'clock, which you would think there was a disease caught by drummers from riding in day coaches called *travelling salesman's neck*, or something, the way they act about it, whereas when I used to make Philadelphia with a line of skirts for Old Man Baum, Abe, I didn't care if I travelled there in a freight car just so long as I could get two other fellers to travel with me and kill the journey with a little pinochle, y'understand."

"Sure I know, but twenty years ago some of our modern comforts was still very uncomfortable, Mawruss," Abe said. "There was elevators which used to run so slowly that unless you had only one leg complicated by the asthma, you could give it a handicap of two floors and beat it to the roof. People was also using certain kinds of safety razors in them days which shaved you almost as well as an Italiener barber not two days off Ellis Island, but nowadays modern comforts is really comfortable. With one of them five-dollar safety razors which they sell all over in cut rate drug stores for two dollars and a half, a Bolshivik can make himself look like a Mexican hairless terrier, and use hardly any lather at all. As for elevators, Mawruss, they work so quick nowadays that the only difference between an elevator coming down under its own power and an elevator dropping from a broken cable is the effect it has

on the passengers when they arrive at the ground floors."

The Intelligent Elevator

"And what good has it done us?" Morris asked. "Nowadays a city salesman has to join a golluf club and pay caddy fees up to the hundreds of dollars before he can get the same amount of exercise he used to get from visiting the top floor trade with a line of samples.

"Even in private houses people is getting elevators installed—automatic ones with push buttons, by which you give the elevator instructions. Max Miselson, the electrical contractor, says he put such a automatic elevator into a house on West End Avenue, and he gave me his word that it had practically the intelligence of an eighteen-year-old high school gradawate.

"It's a new house built for a big banker, and Max says that the way the elevators acts when you push the right button, he wouldn't be a bit surprised if some day the owner of this here house would push the wrong combination of buttons and that elevator will come right out of the shaft and try to get into bed with him or something."

"Well, putting an elevator into a private house ain't my idea of comfort, Mawruss, because any modern convenience which has to be manipulated just right otherwise you could injure yourself for life, y'understand, ain't a convenience. It's a nuisance," Abe said, "which when me and my Rosie celebrated our fourteenth anniversary, a feller which was then selling me goods by the name of International Coatpad Company sent me a patent chair where you pulled out something underneath and pressed a button at the side, and the next minute you were laying back practically as comfortable as if it would have been a dentist's chair. There was also another button, the arm which made a bookrest swung out and hit you a terrible crack on the nose, so as soon as the excitement of the anniversary died down, my Rosie took it back to the store where it come from and traded it in for a carpet-sweeper."

"For that matter, Abe, I've stayed in many a hotel where I would have liked to swop a couple of fast passenger elevators out of the fleet of ten they've got in such places for just one kind word from the room clerk occasionally," Morris said.

And You've Spared Conversation

"You're expecting too much of modern comforts, Mawruss," Abe said. "An automatic elevator is a modern comfort, Mawruss, but no matter how many buttons you pressed, Mawruss, it couldn't say to you, 'Good evening, Mr. Perlmutter. What an elegant weather we are having!' the way an elevator operator could when you get home nights."

"Maybe you've got that kind of elevator operator. But most in the way of kind conversation that our elevator operator and me carries on, is that he gives me a little back talk when I threaten to report him to the agent of the building for letting me ring ten minutes before he comes up from the basement," Morris said, "which to my mind, Abe, that is the advantage of modern comforts. They either deliver the goods without conversation about it, or if they don't you could use any kind of language you please and nobody is going to get sore except yourself."

"But there is very few modern comforts, where at some stage of their operation, y'understand, you couldn't cuss out somebody for gumming up the works," Abe said. "Probably the biggest comfort to travelling men is them vacuum bottles they've got in hotel rooms for keeping water cold, and which never by any chance has ever got any water in them, and somebody must be to blame for it."

"Sure somebody's to blame for it," Morris agreed. "It's the hotel guest himself, Abe, and that's the whole secret of modern comforts: they're inventions which will make a man comfortable, provided he puts something in first, presses a button, turns a faucet, or remembers to do something which nine cases out of ten he ain't going to remember. There is always a catch to it somewheres.

"My wife's sister's daughter by the name Sadie Marx, spent four hundred dollars for an automatic refrigerator, Abe, for instance," Morris continued. "And all she has to do is to remember to put a certain chemical into it once a week, y'understand, and that refrigerator would deliver ice to the Marx family as regularly as a human ice man, without leaving tobacco juice on the pantry floor neither. Sadie told me it works absolutely perfect, except once a week they run out of ice for half a day on account of forgetting to put the chemical in."

"So therefore, Abe, I've come to the conclusions that modern comforts in the home and the hotel is like modern comforts in this here moving picture you was telling me about," Morris concluded. "People like to see them around, no matter whether they work or not."

Photograph *Crately*

"THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS"

A charming portrait of Miss Gwen Mannering, a young English singer and dancer, who has scored at the Abbaye de Thélème an undoubted success in the eyes of critical Parisian audiences. Despite the floundering of Governments in the political mire, Paris still retains an affection for English talent—when it is allied with natural charm and genuine artistry

In the Borough of Brighter London

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ETTIE LANDAU

One of the cheery residents of "Brighter London," a new "borough" which has sprung up in the Hippodrome County. It is, of course, under the L.C.C., but with Messrs. Herman Finck, Lauri Wylie and Clifford Harris on the Borough Council, it manages to get over even that handicap, and seems successfully to have achieved the object that its name implies. And with such gay residents as Billie Merson, Lupino Lane, Annie Croft, and that Scion of Syncopation, Paul Whiteman, no wonder!

MAY DAYS—AS RECORDED O

D ON CUPID'S BAROMETER

BY A. K. MACDONALD

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

MISS BETTY BALFOUR

Or, as her admirers prefer to call her, "England's Mary Pickford," scored her greatest successes in the joyous films centred around the fascinating little gutter-snipe "Squibs." She is now at work on several new films, and will soon be seen in a British production entitled "Tip Toes"

ISABEL EDWARD AND ANNE

AT THE HAYMARKET

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on March 31, 1923

MARGARET BANNERMAN AS ANNE

WE are accustomed to quiet humour from Miss Gertrude Jennings; but the humour of this play is in parts so quiet that it is almost somnolent. Anne is the daughter of the Hon. Edward Carew and his wife, Isabel. She has been to a fancy-dress function with an impecunious young artist named Audley, who went disguised as Hamlet. There are the makings of some rather rich fun in this complication, but the opportunity is ignored. All we hear is that when the party broke up Hamlet realised that he had come out without his latchkey, as the bifurcations of the period he represents did not contain the now indispensable hip-pocket. Anne, therefore, very obligingly brings him home with her to Prince's Gate, puts him in the spare bedroom with an outfit of her father's pyjamas, and leaves him there with her blessing, or something of that sort.

IN due course Hamlet comes downstairs in his funereal black to thank his host and hostess; and the next time we see him he has resumed the unromantic garb of the Bond Street fashion plate. In this very correct attire he is painting the portrait of Lady Massingham in a borrowed studio in Chelsea, as he is too poor to have a studio of his own. Lady Massingham appears to be a kind of Vampire (as they are called on the films). While she affects only to be sitting for her portrait, she is really trying to lead young Audley astray. Indeed, she is so keen in her pursuit of him that she does all sorts of unkind things to prevent Audley from being snapped up by any other girl. She knows, for instance, that Anne and Audley are practically engaged, and so she circulates horrid stories about Anne, and spitefully refuses either to pay Audley for her portrait, or to let him exhibit it. Altogether she is such an unpleasant person that you feel she had no right to intrude into one of Miss Jenning's pleasant plays.

ISABEL, who is the mother of Anne, is the god from the machine throughout the play.

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AND ALLAN AYNESWORTH

Edward, for instance, is her husband (the Hon. Edward Carew) a pompous politician, who is in the running for a seat in the Cabinet. His political success has been largely due to Isabel's energy and genius. It is she who writes his speeches and tells him how to vote, and helps him to foster the delusion that he is quite an important person, when the fact is that without her he would be no more than an amiable nonentity. It naturally comes as a shock to this inflated gentleman to hear that his daughter wants to marry a penniless Chelsea artist; but it is a far, far bigger shock that he gets when he learns that the young man's name is not Audley at all but—Bucket.

ATHENE SEYLER AS MRS BUCKET

SOME people would take advantage of this situation to say that a young man with such a name ought to be kicked, but I do not lower myself to this form of depravity. Furthermore, Mr. Bucket is the son of the glorified charwoman who comes to Mr. Carew's house to help in the darning and mending. No effort is made to give an air of probability to this fantastic complication, and we are even expected to believe that the exclusive Isabel sympathises entirely with the proposed match, and with her gift for managing other people's affairs, engineers the project to a successful

realisation. But sometimes I think, perhaps not.

MRS. BUCKET is a casual worker, who, as a result of being engaged occasionally by well-to-do people, has formed a theory that there is a skeleton in the cupboard of every home of distinction. Prying about the library of the Hon. Edward Carew, she has found in a drawer indiscreetly left unlocked, a letter from a lady acknowledging the receipt of a cheque. As everyone knows, this is a theme which the gossips can usually develop into a very rich kind of fairy story. All that Mrs. Bucket can find out at first is that the Hon. Edward, when a young man, ran away to Paris with a chorus girl, who subsequently died, and that he has been paying her surviving sister an annuity ever since in order to keep her mouth shut. This admittedly difficult feminine feat the sister accomplishes by retiring to a remote country place so that Edward has never even seen her. Fortified by this knowledge, Mrs. Bucket hits upon the disturbing scheme of impersonating the silent lady, and thus, under the threat of blackmail, compelling Edward to agree to the marriage of Anne with young Bucket.

IN pursuit of her nefarious plan, Mrs. Bucket, heavily veiled, secures an interview with Edward, and blurts out her garbled story in the hearing of Isabel, who is unconsciously eavesdropping on the verandah. Subsequently, cross-examined by Isabel in private, Mrs. Bucket proves herself to be lacking in the rare quality of the lady she is impersonating. That is to say, she cannot keep her mouth shut, and as a result is very soon

led to confess her identity. She is promptly packed off; but as Edward is not aware of her duplicity, Isabel holds over his head the shadow of his youthful sin until he has agreed to the marriage of the young people. As a matter of fact Edward's skeleton turns out to be a very thin affair. It is true that he ran away with a chorus girl; but it is equally true that he married her, and I take it that he is not held to have magnified his original offence by having done the right thing by the girl. In any case it is hardly a crime up to the exalted standard of the Newgate Calendar. Indeed, it is not easy to see why Edward is so contrite.

IT is true that the girl, after he had married her, took measles and died, but he could hardly be held to blame because she chose to die of something rather vulgar. It was, perhaps, characteristic of her class. That's the worst of marrying beneath you. Indeed, Edward's personal experience in this respect is the chief factor in his opposition to the marriage of his daughter with the son of a charwoman; and he certainly is in a position to speak of what he knows. His annuity to the lady with the shut mouth was inspired by the fact that she is his sister-in-law, and he hardly relished the presence of a lady of that sort in his stately home at Prince's Gate.

MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH is urbanely correct as the colourless Minister, who is merely peevish where he should be roundly eloquent, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite is sweetly domineering as Isabel with the velvet glove always in evidence. Miss Athene Seyler has a very difficult and quite unconvincing part as Mrs. Bucket, but she acts it with much humour, and does her best to make a backbone without vertebræ. Miss Margaret Bannerman is delightfully fresh and vivacious as the wayward Anne, though it is not easy to understand how so lively a girl could be fascinated by such a solemn and ordinary fellow as young Bucket, alias Audley, proves to be. Mr. Harold French, who takes this part, needs to breathe a little more of the fire of life into it, if he would have the character taken for what it claims to be, that of a man fighting for his love against almost insuperable odds. Anyhow, let's all be good and hope for the best. JINGLE

The Luxor-y Trade

BY WILMOT LUNT

OVER-ANXIOUS SALESMAN: "This is a ***very unique*** and valuable jewel, madam—it was recently found in the Tutankhamen tomb—er—we re selling a lot of them just lately"

SOME FRENCH GOLF COURSES

No. IV.—ETRETAT.

By DELL LEIGH

I GLANCED over my evening paper in the smoking-room and saw that it was George holding forth from the club fender. He was wearing some rather beautiful plus fours, looked disgustingly fit, and was saying :

" I assure you it is Sussex Downs turf, rolled and mowed : I'm not joking : and, what is more, I paid all my expenses and got back to town with enough over to stand the other two men a *carte blanche* dinner on arrival."

"Lucky for the man who has no serious outlook on life"

I assumed he was lying, as usual, and strolled over to inquire further into the matter. It cost me a couple of old brown sherries before I got at the facts. He had just come back from Etretat, and enthused about it to me until the theatre dinner at the club was over and we had to ascend to the more expensive " house " dinner, which I always try to avoid.

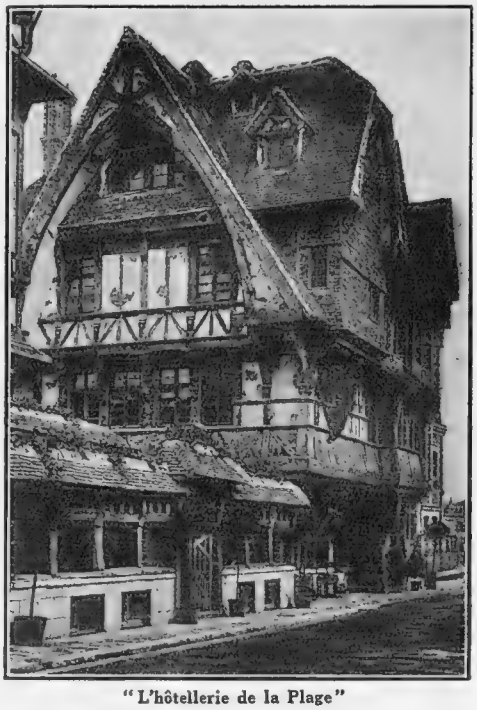
Considering myself somewhat of a connoisseur in these matters, I decided to probe into the business at first hand. And here are my experiences, *parole d'honneur*, as the French would say :

You glide down to Southampton on the South Western. I beg its pardon, the Southern Railway, and equally smoothly (because the boats are large), you glide down the Solent, and over to Havre. Here a man picks you up in a first-rate car—a family bus in the season—and you drive pleasantly " over the hills and far away," as they say in *The Beggar's Opera*, to Etretat.

Etretat is one of those cunning little unspoilt French towns hidden away in a cleft of the Downs. It lies in a very beautiful valley. It reminds me of a Cornish fishing village ; except that it has a casino, hidden on the front among chalets and hotels. It is like nothing so much as a scene in a musical comedy. The sort of seaside place you see from the third row of the stalls, from behind a long cigar. It is a family place. There are no such things as trippers here, French or English. It is true a very good train runs daily from Paris and back again. But it is for *le haut monde*. They have no use here for the other kind. For you and me, with the franc where it is now, what matter ? You will find yourself in a place, wherein, if you have any eye for beauty of surroundings, you will be enchanted.

You will stay, if you are wise and have any eye for the artistic,

"Know the Christian names of all the girls"



"L'hôtellerie de la Plage"

not at the palatial hotels (though they are friendly and alluring enough in all conscience), but at a place I found by sheer accident. I only found it because, being an old hand at Continental travelling, I like to plough my own furrow and loathe being coerced by gold-braided caps at stations—you know the sort of thing. The Hôtel de la Plage is a gem. It is an exact copy of a sixteenth century hostelry. The principal entrances and staircases were taken bodily out of an old farmhouse in Fauville, and are known to date back to the sixteenth century. Much of the oak about the place is thirteenth century. You feel you are sleeping in an old Norman bedroom, except that it is clean. I know exactly what you will do the next morning, because I have done it myself several times now. One takes the line of least resistance (because the sun shines, and there is baccarat and chemin de fer to be played) thus :

You walk up along the razor-edge of the cliff, seven minutes. You don't lose breath, principally because a fresh breeze blows on you from the sea and because you have only had coffee and hot rolls for breakfast. Suddenly, perched upon the very summit of the highest cliff, you come upon the

(Continued on page 110.)

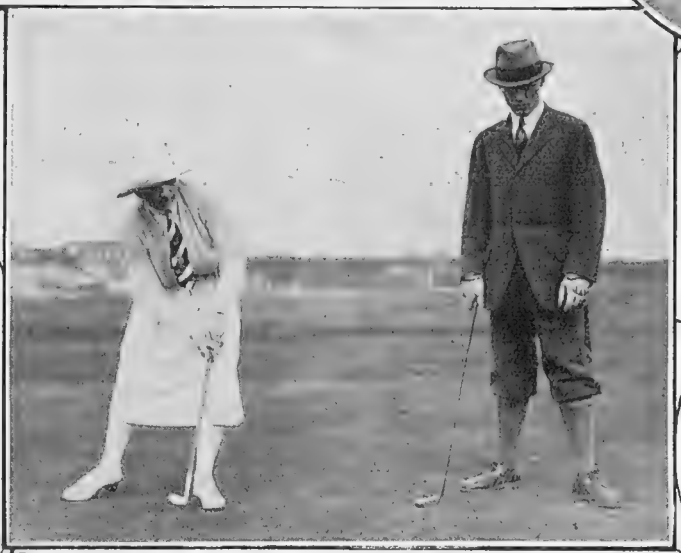
SOCIETY ABROAD

IN THE MADEIRAS

Our picture shows Mrs. Abbot Robinson (left), Sir Herbert Barker, Lady Glanely; and (seated) Lady Barker and Lord Glanely on the terrace of the hotel

LADY BARKER

Ready for her morning bathe. Among recent visitors at Madeira are Lord and Lady Carson and Lady Rhondda



Photograph **ON A CLASSIC COURSE** *Topical*

Sir Richard Cruise, the King's oculist, and Miss Kathleen Breach at the Le Touquet Golf Club, which has been peacefully invaded and captured by British visitors, at any rate at week-ends

POLO IN THE SUN

An interesting picture of a group of polo enthusiasts at Aden, where the game, despite the heat, is in a flourishing condition. Our photograph shows: Mrs. H. Wilberforce-Bell (left), Mrs. Astley-Cooper, Major Wilberforce-Bell (the Assistant Resident) and Mr. Chadwick

SOME FRENCH GOLF COURSES (continued)

golf. But what turf! George was right. You know many tennis courts at home not so good. You could putt accurately enough on the fairways. These links are "fun." They are not serious golf. They do not pretend or desire to be. They have lies and greens and approaches which are as near perfect as to belie criticism. They are the links for the man who has no serious outlook on life, but wants to enjoy himself, and have a bathe afterwards. Everything is in miniature at Etretat. The high-browed scratch man can take his heavy driving iron off the tee. But so long as he remembers that it is not a championship course he can get a full measure of enjoyment. I have never seen a short course in better turf condition. There is an added attraction. You play, as it were, immediately above the town. You look right down on to it from on high. With a pair of field-glasses you can see your sister unpinning the bathing costume from the rails outside her bedroom window in your hotel or chalet. You can also see the other man's sister, who flashed a dark eye at you last night in the Casino, arriving, bathing accessories under arm, on the beach and sauntering gracefully towards her *cabine de bain*. You have only two more holes to play, and then you can drop down to the beach in five minutes, perchance for a bathe before lunch—one never knows.

Of course, after the post-*déjeuner* somnolence, the real business of the day begins—the Casino, the *thé dansant*, the tennis. By the way, they have twenty very good hard tennis courts here at the Tennis Club, which you can join for a hundred francs for the season. Needless to say that at night gaiety runs riot.

ON THE LINKS AT BIARRITZ

The Baroness Edouard de Rothschild, a cousin by marriage to Lord Rothschild, is married to a prominent member of the Paris branch of the famous banking family

For the man who wants everything to his hand Etretat is the place. You feel here, in the season, that you and a few other chosen people, a very few, comparatively speaking, have annexed the place to yourselves. The rest of the world may be enjoying itself at the enormous watering places. Probably it is. But it can't know the Christian names of all the girls, as you do. It has not become intimate friends with the French banker, as you have. It has not become *persona grâta* on the golf course—in fact, it is lost in the great crowd. Whereas here it is a place for the families who know all the other families. People wave to each other from distances, affectionately intimate. It is a "pally" place, is Etretat.

I know a dozen clubs round London that would mortgage their mess of pottage for a few acres of this turf, which is as the good God made it, and has never been touched up by the hand of golfing experts. The greens are as fine gold. There is no alloy of weed.

I think if Etretat was asked to choose another motto for its municipal crest it would say, and very rightly, "Nous sommes chic."

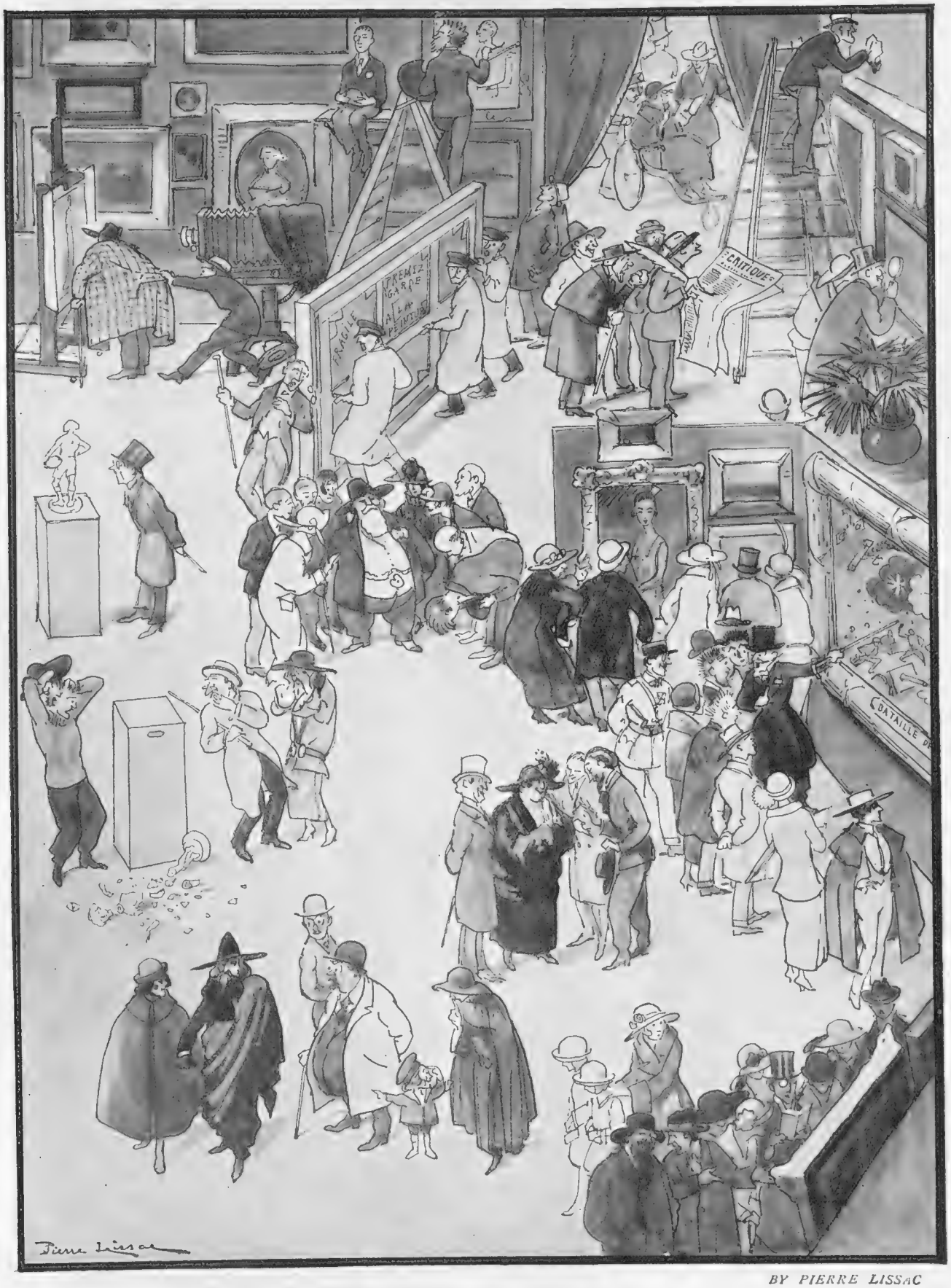
DELL LEIGH

NEXT WEEK.
No. V.—GRANVILLE

Photograph] **BASQUE-ING IN THE SUNSHINE OF THE BASQUE COUNTRY** *[Lady Angela Forbes*

A group of spectators on the golf links at Biarritz, including Sir Everard Hambro, one of the Directors of the Bank of England. The spring season on the Bay of Biscay coast promises to establish something of a record

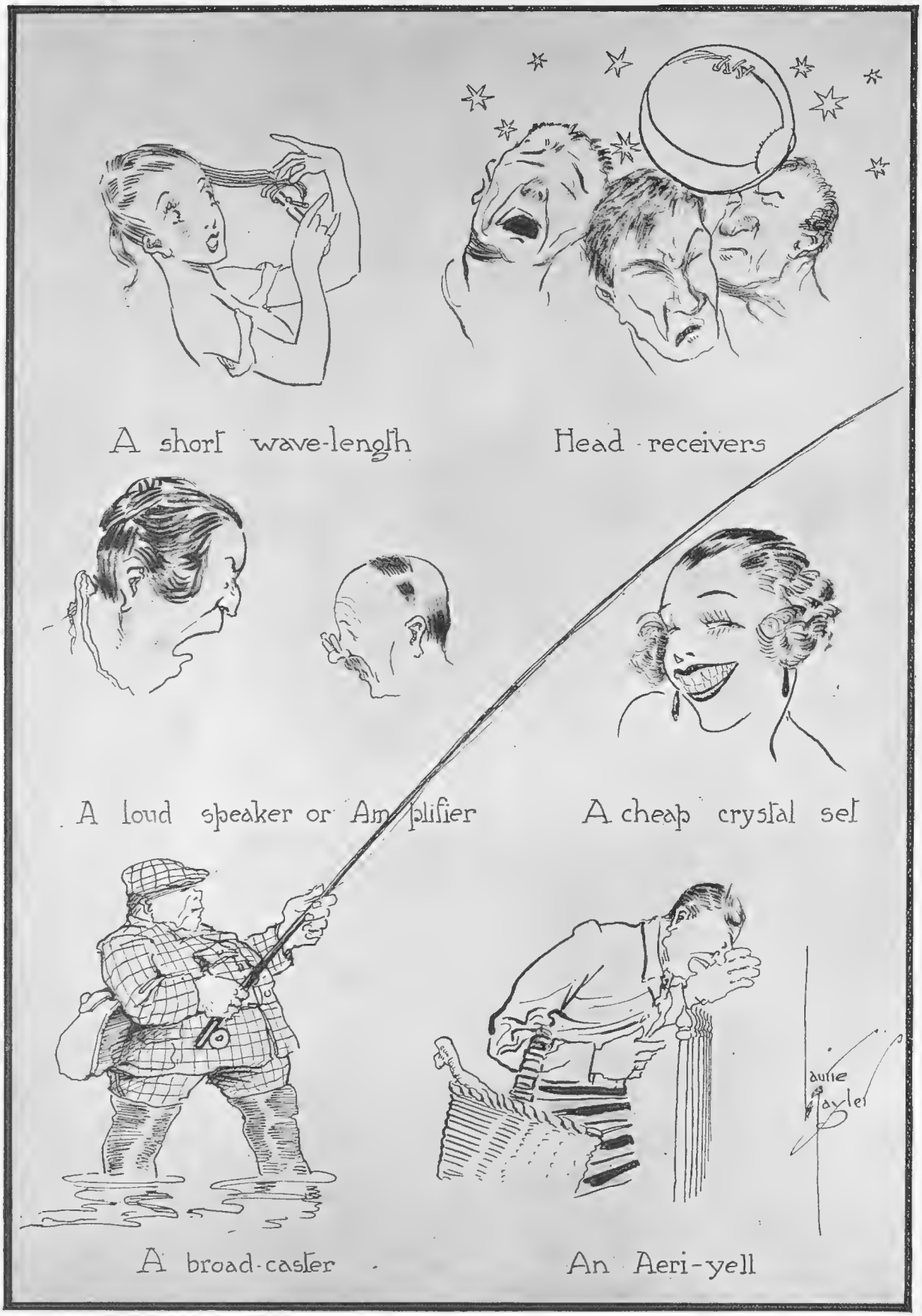
The Annual Bid for "L'Immortalité"



BY PIERRE LISSAC

VARNISHING DAY AT THE SALON

Without Experimental License



BY LAURIE TAYLER

A WIRELESS SET

Broadcasting a Heath Robinson Drawing

On Thursday last listeners-in all over the country were introduced to the famous Bystander artist who at the London Station drew one of his amusing pictures and described it in detail. The following is an exact account of his description to assist competitors who may have missed some detail at the time of broadcasting.

Photograph] HEATH LISTENS-IN TO ROBINSON BROADCASTING [*G. P. U.*

A photograph taken at the London Broadcasting Station on Thursday night last, when Mr. Heath Robinson broadcast one of his wonderful drawings. Artists, as everybody knows, are very obstinate, and Mr. Heath Robinson is no exception. He wasn't satisfied with the simple transmitting set at the London Station, so we had to fix up in a side room at Marconi House the arrangement shown in the photograph above. He is seen listening-in to himself in the act of broadcasting into a weird mechanism built upon the spur of the moment

"HULLO, everybody! I am about to make a drawing of my own listening-in set, with everything complete and all made by myself. . . .

"Robinson speaking. Have you all got your pencils sharpened and your sketch books ready? Well, off we go then——

"On the left-hand side of my picture I have begun to draw a shed with a tiled roof, which I have built in my garden specially for listening-in. I am drawing a sectional view, because I want to show my valve set inside and myself operating it. The set is on a table against the right-hand wall, and is one of the best things I have ever invented, although very simple. It is called a two-valve set because it has two valves. I am now drawing two egg-cups which I have substituted for those two things like electric bulbs. I find that they make excellent valves, anyhow, I personally get as good results from them as from any others I have tried, and they're ever so much cheaper. Besides, you can always borrow them from the breakfast table in the morning. That's cheaper still.

"There's a bottle between the valves, which forms an admirable holder for a loud speaker. This loud speaker is of the usual pattern, except that I have fitted it with a tap to regulate the flow of language from the London station. I am now drawing with loving care a portrait of myself operating the set. I can't very well describe my personal appearance to you—modesty forbids, so I must leave it to you to draw as imposing a figure as you can imagine. Of course, you mustn't forget my home-made head-phones, which are tied very securely to my head with string.

"There is a crank handle emerging from the box of tricks on the table, and you ought to show me turning this very diligently. I do not know exactly what the handle is for; perhaps it livens up the ether waves a bit and adds some ginger to the vibrations. Anyhow, the general effect is one of great scientific concentration on my part.

"Behind the seated figure of myself, I am now drawing with even more loving care a table on which are placed various familiar glass objects.

"Listening-in (and for that matter transmitting also) is a very tiring business, as I am certain you will all agree by the time I have done with you, and I shall leave it to you to guess what those refreshing glass objects may be and what they contain.

"We are now almost ready to leave the interior of the shed, but first of all I must show my earth connection. I pass my wire for this purpose through the wall of the shed into a tap on the other side, out of the mouth of which it is conducted to the open top of a tilted kettle, so that the waves rush down the wire into the tilted kettle, and when the kettle is full they pour out of the spout into a hole in the ground, thus completing the circuit.

"Now for the right-hand side of the picture. Here is my garden. I am drawing one or two flowers in it to show that it is a garden.

"There is a clothes prop in it, and so that there may be no doubt about it's being a clothes prop I am drawing a clothes line with a sheet hanging thereon.

"This is the beginning of a mast for an aerial, and the addition of an umbrella tied with string to the top makes it the right height and perfect in every way. The aerial is attached at the other end to the chimney of the shed. I have not attempted to improve on the usual type of aerial except in details. Wine-glasses and medicine-bottles have been used with excellent effect as insulators, and most convenient spreaders have been furnished by a second umbrella and a disused toasting-fork.

"The wires themselves are not wires at all, but lengths of frayed string, a material which I have found useful for so many purposes. I find that ether waves travel more comfortably and jubilantly through frayed string, provided there are not too many knots in it. In fact, the increased activity of the ether waves when thus conducted tends, as I am showing in my drawing, to put a severe strain on the chimney which supports my aerial at one end.

"With the exception of the lead in wire, or, rather, string, which I am taking through the wall of the shed in the customary manner, using a napkin-ring as an insulator, the necessary details are now complete.

"To round it off, however, I am showing in the top right-hand corner the notes of the concert from the London station, which will begin in a few minutes' time, rapidly approaching the aerial, and to balance the composition I will slip in a bird in the top left hand corner—as a matter of fact, there is often one above my shed.

"Nothing now remains for me to do except sign the drawing." W. H. R.

READERS and Listeners-in, as already announced, are invited to send in drawings illustrating their idea of what Mr. Robinson's drawing lo ks like, to the Editor not later than April 30. A coupon to be found on page VI. must be attached to every effort.

Prizes of £10 10s., £5 5s. and £3 3s., and a special children's prize of £2 2s. will be awarded to the best efforts received. A selection of drawings will be published after the close of the Competition and Mr. Heath Robinson's own finished drawing will also be reproduced.

Who Is Our Most Popular Actress?

SOME INTERESTING OPINIONS ON THE QUESTION FROM THOSE WHO OUGHT TO KNOW

We publish below some pertinent letters which have reached us on the subject of Mr. Hannen Swaffer's article in last week's "Bystander."

Mr. W. R. Titterton ("Garat Thorpe" of the "Pall Mall Gazette" and dramatic critic of "Lloyds") writes: I think that what Hannen Swaffer implies is a fact. It isn't the case now of "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere." Quite a number of actors and actresses have almost equal popularity. Indeed, I question whether we have not to go farther back than Lewis Waller and Lily Elsie for the true adoration, and whether since the great days of Ellen Terry at the Lyceum any actress has held the heart of England in her hand. To-day the matinée idol is almost extinct, and people no longer go thirty times to enthuse over the same performer in the same play (unless as a means of individual courtship, and even that seems a bit silly if, as is probable, you're both in the same society set). I think that the favourite actress has gone more out of fashion than the favourite actor, for the show at Daly's, the Adelphi, or the Winter Garden depends far more on the leading man than the leading woman. However, here at least ladies shall come first. And probably one of them does. So I will give Swaffer's list of favourites: Fay Compton, Sybil Thorndike, Gladys Cooper, and José Collins, and add to it the names of Meggie Albanesi and Phyllis Neilson-Terry. I could go on, for there is now no sudden drop from the favourite to the merely successful actress. And, of these that I have mentioned, it appears to me that only one receives anything like the worship of the old days. That one is José Collins. That dear thing, Peggy O'Neil? Well, we must wait a little time to be sure about her. . . .

The question propounded by the article in our last issue has raised so great a divergence of opinion as to the identity of the most popular actress of the day that we have decided to

Go to the Country

and put the matter in the hands of our readers.

With this end in view we are arranging a competition in the shape of a

General Election

by readers, for which we shall offer prizes to the value of

£500

Full details of this great scheme will appear in our next issue, a Special Royal Wedding Number to be published on

Tuesday Next

"Jingle," who, of course, needs no introduction to our readers, writes: As one who writes only of London entertainments, I can have no opinion of the popularity of players in the provinces. As far as London is concerned, however, I think Sir Gerald du Maurier is easily the most popular actor. Only the great personal popularity of the leading actor could have made successes of such indifferent plays as *Bulldog Drummond* and *The Dancers*. Sir Gerald happily combines in himself the manly man and the irreproachable gentleman, and since he has always been well above the average as an artist, his continued popularity seems assured. Actresses derive their popularity from two sources. They are esteemed either for their great proficiency in their art or for the dainty picture they make upon a postcard. I can think of only one lady who combines these two essentials completely, and that is Miss Fay Compton.

Mr. G. H. Mair (dramatic critic of the "Evening Standard") says: I should think that if London alone were concerned, the most popular actress is Miss Fay Compton, with Miss Thorndike a good second, and the favourite actor Sir Gerald du Maurier, or, if you are on the other side of forty, Sir Charles Hawtrey. Mr. Swaffer, however, says not "London," but "England," in which case both the men would have to go, as they seldom or never tour, and give place to Mr. Matheson Lang, while as for the ladies, either Miss José Collins or Miss Julia Neilson would have to take Miss Compton's and Miss Thorndike's place.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle says: I should very much enjoy writing an article on the subject, but I fear my opinion could not be adequately expressed in a couple of sentences.

Mr. H. Chance Newton ("Carados" of the "Referee") has waxed lyrical on the subject. He seems to think that the question is of such Imperial interest as to need an Invocation to the Muse:

Methinks I'd be inclined to name
'Mong Men who rise o'er Critics' caut'ry—
Sir Gerald, of Du Maurier fame:
Or that Carolian Knight, called Hawtrey.
But then, again, there's Owen Nares
(Of late as "Broken Soldier" mainly):
And surely, too (way up Fame's stairs)
A topmost star is Harry Ainley.

As for the Ladies, who shall dare
To pick and choose in this connection?
"Most popular lady star?" Oh, where
Shall one begin in such selection?
Gladys, Sybil, Ethel—which
Of these in order—or reversely?
Oh, where shall one, awarding, pitch
And come out blessfully—or cursely?

Surely 'twere wiser far to try
Another course, and one far saner.
Nay, safer, too—for a reply
To make each BYSTANDER a gainer.
Indeed, it would be just and kind
And do away with all detractors—
If all ye querists "went behind"—
And asked the Actresses and Actors!

Miss Sybil Thorndike says: I think Miss Gladys Cooper is our most popular actress, because every woman in the audience wants to be like her, and every man would like his wife to be like her, and incidentally because she can act.

Mr. Herbert Farjeon (the dramatic critic and part-author of "Advertising April") writes: To talk of popular actresses is, in these days, almost a contradiction in terms. The actresses who have achieved popularity in this country have achieved it not because, but in spite of the excellence of their acting. The great heart of the British public loves Sybil Thorndike, Fay Compton and Gladys Cooper, who have all done first-class work; but it loves them because it thinks that it has caught a glimpse of fascinating personalities unchangeable by art.

Sir Alfred Butt finds himself nonplussed. He writes: It is most difficult to say who is *the* most popular actress when we have so many.

Mr. R. H. Gillespie, of the London Hippodrome, also finds it difficult. "In the words of Lupino Lane," he says, "'I don't know—I cannot say.'"

Mr. Edward Laurillard says: There can be no doubt that the most popular actress and actor in England is respectively Miss Gladys Cooper and Sir Gerald du Maurier. Arguments as to "popularity" cannot be conclusively settled on terms other than financial; and almost anyone connected with the business side of the theatre in London knows that Miss Cooper and Sir Gerald are the two "stars" who can be steadily depended upon to draw most money to the box-office, more or less irrespectively of the plays in which they are appearing, the way they are advertised, and all other extraneous—from the point of view of personal popularity—considerations.

Recent Successes on Court and Course

Photograph *Sport and General*

S. H. FRY

Who, with D. Stonor Crowther, represented the Royal Automobile Club and won the West End Clubs' Foursomes Competition for the Bath Club Cup, which was played for over the course of the St. George's Hill G.C. at Weybridge

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

MISS S. C. LUMLEY-ELLIS

Who competed with distinction in the London Country Club's Spring Lawn Tennis Tournament at Hendon, last week. Though beaten in the Singles she fought gamely against the Cup-holder, Mrs. Clayton, in one of the brightest matches of a most enjoyable meeting, at which the amenities of the Club helped the competitors to defy the rigours of the east wind

Photograph *L. N. A.*

MAJOR H. A. BOYD, R.F.A.

Winner, on Tuesday last, of the Individual Golf Championship of the Army at Littlestone, when a fine round of 76 gave him an aggregate of 159 for the two rounds—one better than that of Capt. R. G. C. Yerburgh, Irish Guards

Photographs

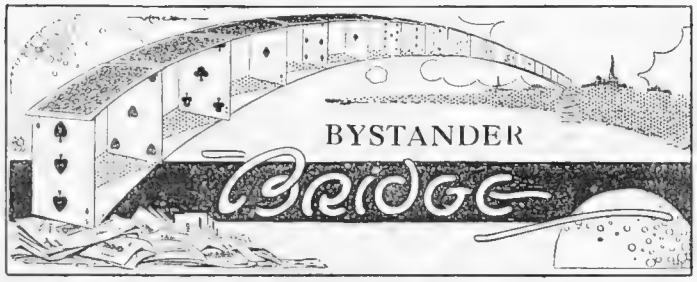
J. D. P. WHEATLEY (Right) AND A. H. FYZEE

Winner and runner-up respectively in the lawn tennis Singles Championship on Covered Courts at Queen's Club. Wheatley, a young South African educated at Bedford and now domiciled in England, is rapidly justifying the high hopes of his many well-wishers

Sport and General

MRS. CLAYTON (Right) AND MRS. EDGINGTON

Winner and runner-up respectively in the Ladies' lawn tennis Singles Championship on Covered Courts at Queen's Club. Mrs. Clayton, however, failed to reproduce her Covered Courts form at Hendon last week, and was beaten by Mrs. McIlquham



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THEY were just dealing for three-handed Bridge when the new curate called.

"Good man!" said the host, "do you play?"

"Oh, yes, I am very fond of a game," he replied.

Dealer called "no trumps" and all passed. A King was led, when immediately the parson clapped down another King on top of it and called triumphantly "*Snap!*"

. . . . .

The ability to play false cards is not a proof of intelligence. "Cunning is often associated with a low type of intellect." If you read your Natural History you will find it is the weaker animals which betake themselves to anomalous modes of defence. Although the cuttle fish and skunk may be much looked up to in their respective domestic circles, they are quite out of place at the Bridge table.

. . . . .

A well-known Bridge-player who is deaf is reported to state that he never knew what comfort was at the card-table until that misfortune befell him.

. . . . .

A Useful Tip

If you hold nine cards of a suit between you and dummy, one hand having five and the other four, it is more probable the adverse cards lie three in one hand and one in the other instead of even. On the other hand, if one hand has six and the other three (the same total of cards), it is more probable that the adverse cards are even rather than three and one.

Hence playing to drop the adverse cards in two rounds should win oftener in the latter case than in the former.

. . . . .

Holding two suits, each totalling seven cards in the two hands, the distribution of one suit being five in one hand and two in the other, and of the other suit four in one hand and three in the other, the adverse cards of both suits may be three and three. But the odds are in favour of choosing the five-card suit rather than the four-card suit when attempting to exhaust the opponents in three rounds.

. . . . .

The most frequent card distributions are—

(*a*) 4—4—3—2.
(*b*) 5—3—3—2.
(*c*) 5—4—3—1.
(*d*) 5—4—2—2.
(*e*) 4—3—3—3.

The deal of most frequent occurrence is one composed of three hands of type *a* and one hand of type *e*.

. . . . .

From the ordinary pack of fifty-two playing cards 635,013,559,600 different hands can be dealt, no two alike.

A mathematical correspondent writes me that "on the average each Bridge-player, playing day and night (Sundays included), obtains a complete suit in his hand *once every three million years!*"

. . . . .

Solution to BYSTANDER Weekly Bridge Competition No. VI (April 4, 1923).

(*a*) King of Clubs.
(*b*) Two no trumps.
(*c*) Pass.
(*d*) One no trump.

Fourteen competitors out of over 250 were correct. The prizes have, therefore, been divided among the following: F. R. Petherbridge, 52, Kimberley Road, Cambridge; Miss E. Trubridge, Halcyon Club, 13, Cork Street, W.1; Miss E. G. Hooper, Pedmore, Stourbridge, Worcestershire; E. A. Gregory, 8, Strachan Place, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19; "Tibbles," Hill House, Colchester; P. M. Shanks, St. John's School, Leatherhead, Surrey; "Bathwick," Bathwick Lodge Boscombe, Hants; Lieut.-Colonel T. Hawks, Sunny Nook, Wordsworth Road, Worthing; Mrs. Shaw, 41, King Street, Great Yarmouth; "Beaver," Osborne, Isle of Wight; Miss D. Hancock, 40, Bramham Gardens, S.W.5; Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Grant, Hull and East Riding Club, Hull; Mrs. Agnes S. Prust, 56, Second Avenue, Carlton, Notts; J. R. Kempe, 72, Francis Road, Edgbaston Birmingham.

BYSTANDER WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION. No. IX.

(*a*) Score: Game all. A, B, 20. Y, Z, 0. Z deals and holds.

♠ K, 4, 3.	♡ A, 9, 8, 3.
◇ 7, 6.	♣ A, 7, 6, 5.

What should Z say?

(*b*) Score: Y, Z, love A, B, game and 20. B deals and calls "One no Trump." Z holds.

♠ A, Q, 5.	♡ A.
◇ A, 10, 8, 7, 5, 2.	♣ 9, 6, 2.

What should Z say?

(*c*) Score: Love all. Z deals and holds.

♠ Q, J, 10, 9, 8.	♡ A, 2.
◇ A, K.	♣ A, K, 3, 2.

What should Z say?

(*d*) Score: A, B, game and 16. Y, Z, 0. A deals and passes. Y bids "One Spade." B passes. Z "Two Diamonds." A doubles. Y holds

♠ A, Q, 10, 9, 4.	♡ None.
◇ A.	♣ A, K, J, 10 5, 3, 2.

What should Y say?

Each week, until further notice, prizes will be offered as follows: **FIRST PRIZE £5.** SECOND PRIZE £3. THIRD PRIZE £1

The following conditions must be observed: 1. Replies must be received not later than first post on Tuesday, May 1. 2. Not more than one solution may be sent by any one competitor. Every competitor must give full name and address, but pseudonyms may be used. 3. All solutions should be addressed to Bridge No. IX, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C. 4. 4. My decision on the problems must be regarded as final, and no correspondence on the Competitions can be entered into.

Finest Quality in Scotch

BLACK & WHITE
WHISKY

Femina

TOBY JUGS

BY MRS. M. VINCE

DURING the War there was a revival of the manufacture of portrait jugs. One saw—and can still see—in the shops, jugs of Foch and French, and Jellicoe and Beatty, just as more than a hundred years before there were jugs of Nelson, and the other great heroes of the Napoleonic wars.

I SUPPOSE it is only in the crisis of War that the public feels an interest in its leaders sufficiently personal to want to have them reproduced in earthenware. Or perhaps it is that the colours of uniforms are now needed to make attractive jugs. Or it may simply be that the shape of military and naval hats is suitable for the top of a jug, and the shape of a modern civilian hat is not. One could do nothing with a bowler, and very little with a top hat.

BUT in the eighteenth century, when those Staffordshire portrait and figure jugs were made which are now so eagerly collected, men wore much brighter coloured clothes, and the three-cornered hat was just the shape for the top of a jug. It is, however, not any one of the celebrated men of the time who has given his name to the jugs. They all go now under the name of Tobies, after that Toby Fillpots, who has become almost as familiar an English figure as John Bull. There is the legend, recorded in verse, that it is out of his clay that the jugs were made. He died, so the legend goes, as he sat one summer afternoon smoking and drinking "in his Flow'r woven Arbour as gay as you please." He died, and was buried, and then,

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its Covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown Jug.

EVERYBODY now knows the figure of Toby, with his long coat, his thick legs, his jug resting on his left knee, and his jolly solid face with its warts. He may sometimes have a plug of tobacco in his left hand, or a cup which he is lifting, but more often the left hand is helping to support the precious jug on his knee. There was no need to go to uniforms in the eighteenth century for the brighter colours. Toby, as he sits drinking, wears all the colours. You find him in light and dark blue coats, in violet and brown, in canary yellow and olive green, and dark red. That is Toby in his most familiar form, but he has other forms. There is a Toby fiddling, and there are the King Hal Tobies, with swords and shields, looking more like Spaniards in comic opera than beer-drinking Englishmen.

ALTHOUGH it is a man who has given his name to these jugs, some of the most attractive and comic of them are women. Martha Gunn, a celebrity in her day, for she was the Brighton bathing-woman who used to dip George IV in the sea when he was a baby, was done as an earthenware jug. There is more than one such portrait of her. One shows her sitting in a brown dress, with her hair piled high. Another shows her in a white dress, with a pattern of brown and orange-coloured leaves. Like Toby himself, in this "portrait," she has a jug on her knee, and there is a cat at her feet. There is another woman Toby in the form, not of a jug, but of a tea-pot. It is a woman sitting in a chair, in a yellow bonnet and a white dress with yellow spots. Her left hand is resting on her hip, to form the handle, her right arm is lifted to make the spout. One of the most delightful Toby faces that I have ever seen was a very old woman, a most beautiful jug, and there is another charming old woman in a dress with blue and red and brown stripes. She has a snuff-box in her left hand, and her face, which is uncoloured, is comically twisted as she takes up the snuff from her right thumb.

CERTAINLY the women Tobies are full of character and variety, and one of them, several years ago, was sold at Christie's for 600 guineas, the highest price ever paid at an auction for one of these jugs, or, indeed, for any piece of Staffordshire pottery. M. V.

LOANED BY THE KING IN A WORTHY CAUSE

A drawing by Robert Loder of John Aubrey, the Wiltshire antiquary, from one of William Faithorne's famous engravings in the Ashmolean Museum. It is one of the six pictures which His Majesty has loaned to the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society, which is open at 45, Pont Street on April 30 and May 1 and 2. The Exhibition, which is held for the encouragement of Amateur Art, is in aid of the East London Nursing Society, the Royal Association for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Children's Country Holiday Fund. H.R.H. Princess Mary is opening the Exhibition, which is certain to attract both great and small in the world of art, as well as the many in whom a love of beauty is innate

A REMINDER

If you want that 100 Guineas for titles, better turn to page 122

When the winning brain wave has reached you, send in your entry quickly.

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series

The Mermaid, Rye

Did Raleigh use the Secret Stair?

VEILED in obscurity is the origin of this quaint old inn of the South country. Save for its recent history, all that we know of The Mermaid is told by itself. The fashion of the oaken beams takes us back to the fifteenth century, while the broad open fireplaces and massive mantelpieces carved with Tudor roses date to the time of Good Queen Bess.

Well may we suppose that the old hidden stairway, still preserved, felt the tread of Walter Raleigh. The walls, could they but speak, would tell us of raids in the Spanish Main, of smuggling plots, of Royalists who crossed Romney Marshes in flight from The Protector.

In modern days, the friends who foregather at The Mermaid tell of prowess on the famed Rye Links. After golf what could be more restful than a chat in this fine old Inn; what more appropriate in convivial company than the *original* John Haig? First made in 1627, nearly 300 years ago, the reputation of John Haig among men of discriminating taste has steadily increased.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

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RACING NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

At Headquarters

EVERY moment of the racing at the Newmarket Craven meeting was interesting. Even the few selling plates were a cut above the ordinary. Once again, in brief, the sport at headquarters proved itself the cream of racing. Of the notable performances of the week, I am inclined to rank the victory of Hurry Off in the Spring Stakes as about the best. I do not think that "Atty" Persse was overwhelmingly confident about his colt's prospects. He imagined that he was still rather too backward to beat that smart Irish gelding, Darragh, who possessed the advantage of having previously had a race. Thus all the more credit belongs to Hurry Off for his handsome success.

Classic Colts

IT now remains to be seen whether his stable companion, Twelve Pointer, is really as much in front of Hurry Off as report makes him out to be. Some say that he is 10 lbs. or more better than last week's winner. If that is true, Twelve Pointer ought to win the Two Thousand Guineas next week, but it does not do implicitly to believe everything we hear on the racecourse. I regard Hurry Off as a vastly improved animal. Last autumn he gave me the impression of one that would assuredly make fine progress. Quite possibly Twelve Pointer has improved in the same degree, but whereas we *know* that one colt has done well we have to take the other's improvement on trust. At all events, it is clear that "Atty" Persse is going to put a very formidable candidate for the Derby into the field. That race has persistently eluded the Stockbridge trainer so far. I wonder whether it is to be his turn at last.

Light Hand

I AM glad that Light Hand justified the tip I gave for him in the Craven Stakes. It needed a little courage to go for this practically "dark" customer, but I knew that he had very much pleased Alec Taylor in spite of the deep ground at Manton. Will he win the Derby? I think he has an excellent chance. In all probability he will be at least 10 lbs. better on Derby Day than he was last week, but I am afraid we shall not now get any very long prices about him.

The "City"

AT one time the City and Suburban looked like "drying up," but last week it was satisfactory to find the popular handicap assuming a much more open aspect. The support given to Soubriquet, Copyright, and Condover indicated that Re-echo is not going to have things all his own way. For a time there was a doubt as to whether Soubriquet would be trained for this race or held in reserve for the Kempton Jubilee. It is now settled that she shall take her chance at Epsom. I am a great admirer of the filly, but I question whether she can give weight to Re-echo over the City and Suburban course, for which Sir Ernest Paget's colt is eminently suited. I think the track may prove to be a bit too sharp for Copyright, and I prefer his chances in the Manchester Cup. Condover will have to improve a good deal upon his Cambridgeshire form if he is to beat the favourite. From the outset I have regarded the race as likely to be won by **Re-Echo**, and I shall stick to him to the end. At Sandown Park on Thursday **Cistercian** may win the Twickenham Handicap, and **Farndon Bridge** the Esher Cup. I fancy **Precious** for the Athlone Handicap on the following day.

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When once you have made a friend of a "CITY DE LUXE," it will stick to you through "thick-and-thin." A true friend in all your troubles—always ready to cheer you and help you. Yours, with all sincerity.
Your Tobacconist will gladly introduce to you its famous family of 101 shapes. All highly polished, and as beautifully finished as a Pipe can be.
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RECIPE.—1 Large bottle of Cider, 1 small soda, any mixed fresh fruit, 3 slices of lemon, cherries, 1 large brandy, ice.

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Stephenson's Furniture Cream quickly brings to light many hidden beauties—richness of grain and charm of wood, perhaps never suspected.

Stephenson's makes good furniture better.

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This beautiful example of the art of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., has been drawn specially for Messrs. Stephenson Bros., Ltd. Stephenson's Polishes—products of old English purity and excellence—have protected, preserved, and beautified the woodwork and furniture of our homes for generations.

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Polishing with Stephenson's Floor Polish is a gentle rub, not a tiring scrub. It is easy to apply and brilliant in result.

Stephenson's Floor Polish preserves and purifies as it beautifies.

In Tins:
3½d., 7d., 1/2, 2/6

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

It is delightful to find Mr. H. G. Wells seeking Utopia again. There is nobody in the world with his ability to make the impossible not only seem probable, but appear to be a fully proved fact. In *Men Like Gods* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), for instance, there is a new and undimensional method of leaving this silly old earth of ours for better climes. Three motor-cars are rushing along a nice smooth road somewhere in the Home Counties when they slip, in an Einsteinly way, into—a world of the future. It sounds strange enough, but Mr. Wells makes it an occurrence which might happen to anybody lucky enough to possess a car. In one of these cars is Mr. Barnstaple, who writes for a Liberal Journal and is badly in need of a holiday: in the others are several of the Great Ones of to-day, including—well, no matter, but you may recognise most of their number. And then you are introduced to a typically Wellsian community, where beauty and order are supreme, and where this Age of Confusion of ours is no more than ancient history.

❋

The Utopians do not overdress, and their morals, though, no doubt, excellent in themselves, shock a priest who happens to be included in the Earthling party. The Utopians have solved most human problems, but they never expected such an irruption as these Britishers, who prove to be something more than a mere nuisance: they are so provocative, and they are not quite "clean" in the Utopian sense; and then there comes one of those absurd "little wars" in which some politicians, according to rumour, periodically revel. Finally, of course, the intruders are sent back to their bad old world, and it is to be hoped that they have suitably profited by their miraculous experience. Mr. Wells is a master of this kind of story, and although *Men Like Gods* has not the amazing qualities of *A Modern Utopia*, which I still maintain represents his high-water mark, it is a finely conceived and very bold piece of work.

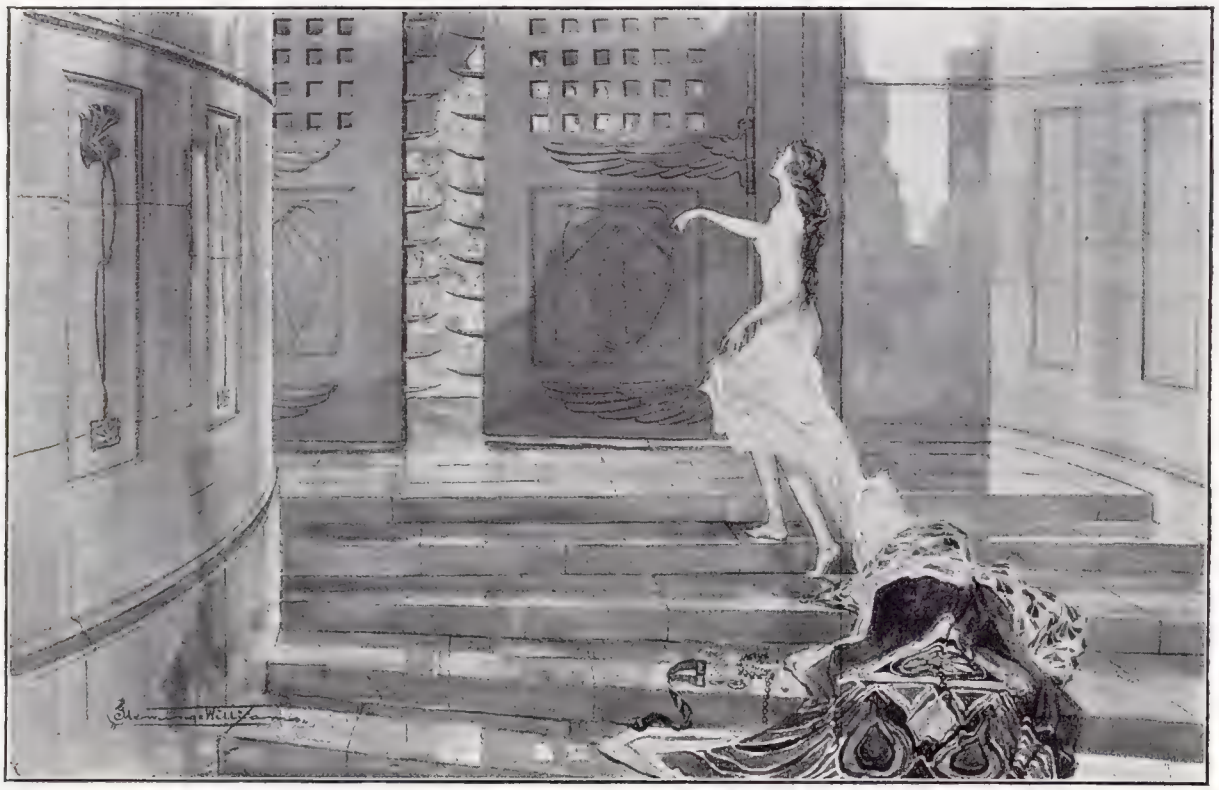
❋

That unique piece of work, *Old England*, was only a portion of a huge epic of the country-side which has been planned by its author, Mr. Bernard Gilbert. Plays and a novel filled two other volumes, and now in *The Rural Scene* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) there comes a fourth, containing poems in dialect. These follow the older models, though they lose nothing on that account. There is a ring and a lilt and a fine sense of drama about every one of them. It may be, however, that some readers will value most of all the general introduction to the whole series, which is printed at the beginning. For here Mr. Gilbert sets forth his views on the rural England of to-day, and they are views which are startlingly forthright. You may not agree with him, though your log-roller emphatically does, but you will be interested. Mr. Gilbert is no half-hearted apologist for the old *régime*: he believes that without a return to something like feudalism not only the country-side, but also the country, is doomed. All this talk of "progress," he thinks, carries us nowhere; we must go back. He is by no means the only modern writer to point out the failures of so-called democracy, but few authors have put the matter so clearly. And this fourth volume of his shows that the great task he has set himself is going to be performed very worthily indeed.

Can You Title This Picture? 100 Guineas in Prizes

This intriguing picture was originally intended by the artist for submission to this year's Royal Academy. The Editor, however, thought it *much* too good for Burlington House, and at once secured it for BYSTANDER readers. He is offering the following prizes for the smartest titles to the picture:

1st Prize, 50 Gns.; 2nd Prize, 20 Gns.; 3rd Prize, 10 Gns.; and 20 One-Guinea BYSTANDER Bridge Sets.



This Competition will remain open for a few weeks in order to allow our readers abroad to compete. The closing date will be announced later, but competitors—especially those living abroad—should enter immediately to ensure that their entries are received in time. Each entry must be made on the special coupon appearing on page iv of this issue or on similar coupons appearing in each subsequent issue of "The Bystander" until the closing date. Any number of titles may be sent in, but each attempt must be made on the official coupon.

A reproduction of the beautiful double-page picture in full colour which appeared in our issue of March 28. A limited number of full-size reproductions in colour on art paper may be obtained, post free, from the Publisher, on receipt of postal order for 3/-

A Fruitless Question

BY WILL OWEN

SHORT-SIGHTED OLD LADY: "And how much are your grapes to-day?"

The Bystander Super Zoo

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. VI.—ANIMAL INNER CIRCLES: MR. APE, THE SUPER-STRAPHANGER

BOOM DAYS IN DOGDOM

SOME CANINE NOTES AND NEWS

BY "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

QUITE a lively week, this, for exhibitors at Dog Shows. To-day (25th) ends the big Scottish Show at Ayr, and is the last day for entries for the Dudley Show, at which there'll be ten Pekingese classes. It's also the day of the Belfast Show ; a big occasion for Terriers. Friday will bring the Westminster Show, and a specially notable gathering of Dandies, Samoyedes, French Bulldogs and Dachshunds. Entries close next week for the Terrier Show at Olympia on May 11. The Brighton Show on May 24 will attract big battalions of south-country Dog-lovers, and so, I fancy, will the Windsor Show, on June 13, to be held, by the King's permission, in the Home Park.

I suggest that the Kennel Club might give us some up-to-date statistics. They would prove interesting, cheering, and rather surprising. The past year has seen remarkable progress in Dogdom. The post-war recovery was far from rapid, prior to last year, but for twelve months now the tide has been rising steadily and fast, and the level to-day is high. England is a bit behind in two respects : she should be giving more attention (*a*) to the breeding and training of police, guard, tracking, and war-service Dogs ; and (*b*) her Dog breeders and accessory makers, with the best wares in the world to offer, are not giving a quarter enough publicity to their products, as is proved to the hilt by inquiries reaching me from all over the Continent, as well as from countries as far off as Japan, India, America, and most of the British Oversea Dominions.

The thorough disinfection of kennels is a simple proposition, albeit one calling for minute care ; but when (like one of my correspondents in the South of France) you have lost an indoor-living Dog pal from Distemper followed by the most deadly form of Mange, the question of risks for his successor does give one rather furiously to think. Rugs, chair-legs, carpets, curtains——Eheu ! There are formidable germ traps within-doors. Time, Lysol, and sulphur fumigation, combined, of course, with all the cleansing fresh air possible,

"Specially marked in Germany"

would be my prescription. There's a fine disinfectant prepared from oil of garlic, I believe ; but for all washing, Lysol in the water is sovereign. Withal, I'd like the help also of Anno Domini, to the extent of a few months, anyhow ; and exposure to sunshine.

Always a sportsman and a gentleman adventurer, the Dandie Dinmont is no end of a traveller. The famous Alpin strain has made itself felt and appreciated in most parts of the world, and I hear its latest travelling representative left for the Continent the other day by air. Mrs. Simpson Shaw saw him off from the Croydon 'drome at lunch-time, and he ate his first dinner abroad that same evening, bland and cheery, without turning a hair.

When you hear of a local case of cruelty to a Dog, don't confine yourself to anathematising the criminal. Report promptly to the R.S.P.C.A., asking for investigation. There's a sort of passive cruelty in neglect of this duty.

A correspondent in far Meerut tells of the prevalence of gastric and liver troubles among Dogs (especially Cockers and other Spaniels) in India. As with their human friends, the key to the health problem for Dogs in the tropics—everywhere else, too, for that matter—is diet. Be miserly with starchy foods ; generous, but never lavish, with lean flesh ; regular and unfailing in exercise ; and don't forget the needed help of occasional castor-oil and syrup of buckthorn, or its equivalent—if you know anything else as good as this old-fashioned friend.

The International Dog Show in Rotterdam in May is to be quite a big fixture. Saint Raphael and Nice have had their Shows, and during the next few months others are due in Mulhouse, Avignon, Lille, Tarbes, Belfort, Turin, Utrecht, Stuttgart, etc. The increasing popularity of the Whippet, as companion and race-Dog, is not confined to this country. I gather it's becoming specially marked in Germany, where by the way, financial and other troubles don't seem to prevent the development of something of a boom in Dogdom.

Hard-upedness is not just a rumour, you know ; and pence really are rather less plentiful than, say, promises, powder-puffs, politicians, and some other things beginning with "p." Two thousand Dogs sent to a single Dog's Home for euthanasia, during the first two months of the year—licence time—and that, not in London, mark you, but in Manchester, a very doggy city, and the home of "Our Dogs." It's certainly striking, but there's no need ever to bemoan a truely painless end for apparently homeless, neglected, come-by-chance Dogs. The Dog community as a whole doubtless gains by it, and the opposite state of affairs, as seen, for example, in the East, can be a dreadful business.

A reflection of Good Taste

Chocolats Fantaisie

PRE-EMINENTLY, the fame of Fry's Chocolats Fantaisie rests on the flawless texture of the chocolate and the bewitching variety of delicate flavours.

But the box itself, with its keynote of old rose enhanced by the French design, is a fitting casket for the dainty burden inside.

5/6 per lb. box. **3/-** per ½-lb. box.

Fry's

IT'S AN ODD WORLD

By Blanchette.

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *April* 23

DEAR COUSIN—

ODD world ours, isn't it? Such a mixture, I mean, of light and dark and grave and gay, of all sorts of worries and happinesses, of dull pains and troubles with sparkling pleasures, of terrific tragedy and bubbling joy.

卐

LIKE this week, f'rinstance. You remember what it *is*, don't you, and what it *was*? Eight years ago. Is it really as far off as that, and how fearf'ly old we must be getting, "we that are left." Yes, eight years ago it happened, April 25 to be exact—Anzac Day, the day of that wonderful and terrible landing at Gallipoli, when our men so gallantly and heroically and splendidly threw their lives away like water on the shore of that fatal peninsula, just for England's sake—and ours.

卐

BUT to-day, when the years have softened the sharp edge of things, and time the healer has shifted the perspective so that we only see the best and forget the worst—to-day, truly—

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.

We see now how all that then, in our despair, we doubted, was true.

卐

SAID she, not sadly but happily, sitting by a wide open window with spring daffs and scyllas and wallflowers and things blooming away like mad all around, in a fresh, softly-scented spring air that breathes of new life and lovely things to come. And with a sort of pervading atmosphere of festivity, too, and wedding bells in the near offing—and Royal ones at that.

卐

DEAR to the heart of woman, wedding bells always are somehow—and, anyway, always moving and intriguing. P'raps it's partly 'cos we, too, are like poets, and see ahead into the heart and reality of things much better than poor, dear, mere, ordinary practical, straightforward, masterly men. And know how *much* more 'portant weddings and things are than any silly business or politics or Budgets or stock markets or anything like that.

卐

TALKING of markets and things, reminds me of rather a 'citing play I've just been to at the Ambassadors, where they mix up business *and* love. *Trespasses* it's called, and's a bit on the childish side really, only it does have a real problem in it, and a love one at that—which, of course, is the only kind that matters.

"Weddings are much more important than business or politics"

卐

MIDDLE-AGED broker—only not very middle-aged and also very charming (because it's Lyn Harding), has pretty young wife who falls in love with his young partner. His naughty old mother encourages 'em, and says he ought to step out of their light—youth calling to youth, and all that sort of thing. Which he utterly refuses to do, ruins his rival, and—then in the end has to step aside after all, 'cos they simply, p'litely and kindly but firmly, walk out. Real nice problem, I call that. (Think he ought to have beaten her well and thoroughly, meself, and then prob'ly she'd have loved *him* ever after—but that's by the way.) Do love a play, don't you, that you've simply *got* to discuss afterwards in dressing-gowns over your nice hot cup of cocoa before you go to bed?

"Anzac Day"

卐

THAT'S why I sometimes think I (and the public) prefer even a really bad play (or book) if it only has something real in it, to delightful, but rather empty affairs like, f'rinstance, the Marionettes that everyone's going to and rather *schwärm*-ing about, at the Scala. Awf'ly enchanting and int'resting for about an hour or so, something quite new like that, and also inf'nitely skilful and ingenious, but not much *to* it, really.

卐

EXCEPT, p'raps, as a sort of model, p'raps, for opera. Which'd be rather improved

if anything, methinks, if they did it on marionette lines—singers hidden away in orchestra, I mean, and just little conventional figures doing

"A play you must discuss over your cocoa"

the alleged acting, 'stead of plump *prima donnas* in girlish parts and portly tenors masquerading as youthful heroes.

卐

Which reminds me, real opera coming back to Covent Garden in only 'bout three weeks' time—isn't it lovely? Same British company that did so splendidly last year, and they've got Melba to come and sing in *Bohême*, and quite a lot of other things for 'em, what's more. Plenty of Wagner, too—have simply *had* to chuck all our anti-Hun prejudices in favour of *him*, anyway, haven't we? After all, he did do his best to try and atone for *being* a Hun—what?

卐

Such masses of dances on this Wedding Week, there are, shall feel quite like one of those non-stoppers by the end of it—the sort that do about a hundred hours at a stretch, you know, in the U.S. and places, and, 'parently, don't even get paid for it, but just moved on by the p'lice for disorderly behaviour or something. Must 'fess couple of hours or so after the theatre's *quite* enough for me, these busy days, even at a nice quietish spot like Revelle's, that comfy little dance club under Maxim's in Wardour Street, where they've got a 'stremely cheerful band and quite nice people go.

卐

Am asked, by the way, to tell you of a very special dance that's to happen at Lord Ancaster's place, Eresby House, in Rutland Gate, on May 29 for the Friends of the Poor, with the Prince of Wales and most of the rest of the Royal Fam. as patrons. Also an Entente Cordiale fête next night at the Cecil, where they're going to

"Dancing at Revelle's"

dance *ad lib.*, or, anyway, till 3 a.m., and have a cabaret and a fashion parade and a bazaar all thrown in.

卐

What a Wedding Week we *are* having, to be sure! Also a "Pencil Week," by the way—did you know? "Baby" pencils being sold from to-day on till Saturday, all over the place, all for the sake of "Our Babies" and the societies that are working for 'em. And not altogether and entirely inappropriate to the occasion, p'raps, after all—what?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

"THE OFFENBACH FAM'LY" [By Leonard Dowd

Which, ably produced by Mr. George Grossmith, is charming Coliseum audiences with a delightful pot-pourri of Offenbach airs

---

"College Week"

The Extension Appeal Fund Committee for Queen's College, which numbers so many distinguished women among its *alumni*, has organised, under the chairmanship of Lord Askwith and Lady Tree, a delightful series of entertainments for the week April 30—May 5. In addition to exhibitions of fancy dancing and similar entertainments at Queen's College itself, there is to be a special matinée at the Globe Theatre (under the auspices of Miss Marie Löhr) on Tuesday, May 1, a dance at the Hyde Park Hotel the same evening, and a bazaar at that hotel on Thursday and Friday. The Hon. Secretary is Miss K. Ryder, 55, Beaumont Street, Portland Place, W.1.

Pictures from OSSIAN.—2

COMALA.

Her red cheek rests upon her arm, the mountain wind is in her hair. She turns her blue eyes toward the fields of his promise. Where art thou, O Fingal? The night is gathering around!

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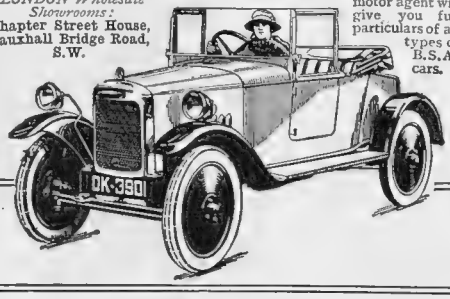

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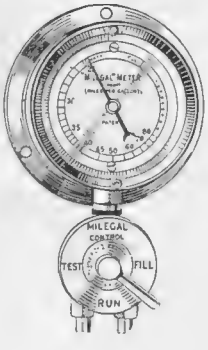

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A Wedding Gift may take an infinite variety of forms, but one of the nicest and most delicate is a gold "Swan" Pen for the bride. Her first official signature will be the register and after that there are the many letters of thanks. So what really could be nicer than a "Swan!"

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The Green Ribbon of the (Matrimonial) Serf

By "RENÉ." *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

ONE is not quite sure how to regard the National Club of the Green Ribbon, the short and speedy means to marriage. To begin with, Marcel and I have the prejudices, for we have just lost the dear friend through these tentacles of the marriage. *Certes*, for our part we do not intend to run the risk to become the members, for we have the desire to preserve our sweet liberty. Apart, however, from the personal aspect—and in this matter we will confess to the selfishness—one is compelled to bestow the praise upon the organisation. It has achieved the success which does merit the generous compliments.

"Who has had the presumption to declare"

ALMOST everyone is bewildered by the results of the first six months of endeavour. For almost everybody had declined to take the affair seriously. To found an organisation to promote marriage seriously in Paris, of all cities, had been regarded as a venture which could do little beyond to provide the new jokes for the exhausted comedians. The inception was, in fact, the outcome of a joke, for M. Clement Vautel, the witty writer, who was the first to launch the idea, has admitted that he had no intention to be regarded as other than a humorist. But he has succumbed to success, and is now a *Membre d'Honneur* of the National Club of the Green Ribbon.

IN the case of all the happy marriages which shall be the outcome of the Green Ribbon, M. Vautel shall, no doubt, find that his portrait has been hanged in the most proud place of the home. He will be esteemed as the Great Ancestor. In the case of the unhappy developments he may, of course, run the risk to have his face turned towards the wall, or thrown out. But we will not envisage such unpleasant possibilities. For the moment there is the belief that the marriages of the Club of the Green Ribbon are bound to be always happy because that they have been arranged under the most propitious circumstances.

ONE has to be awfully careful, in these days of testiness, of the remarks about the *demoiselles*. They have become almost as aggressive as the suffragettes in the assertion of their rights. There are, of course, the occasions when they are justified to the hilt. Such has been the case in the grave controversy at Biarritz between the Beauties and the Old Boys. Biarritz, as you know, has the renown for its Beauties. Did not Agnès Souret, the *plus belle femme de France*, come from Biarritz? Well, there has lately been an attempt to ascertain who is the Supreme Beauty of the Beauties of Biarritz, Agnès, of course, to be *hors concours*. And would you believe it, it has been the Old Boys of Biarritz who have had the presumption to declare that it is they who have the qualifications to bestow the golden apple on the *demoiselle* of their choice.

"Thrown out"

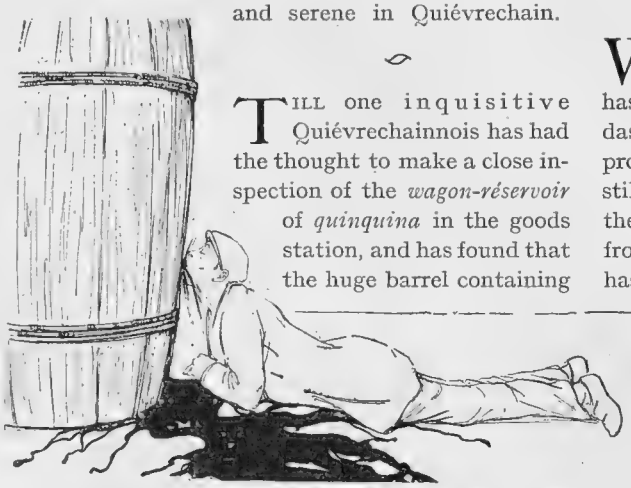
MAIRES and *juges de paix* and *adjoints* and other old things. Octogenarians, many of them, if they have not been nonogenarians. Most surely vegetarians, anyhow at their time of life. Fancy vegetarians seeking to pass judgment on the rich and ripe charms of the Beauties of Biarritz! "*A bas les vieux messieurs!*" have exclaimed with one voice the sturdy emulants of Agnès. And they have refused to come before the Old Boys who have constituted themselves into a jury.

ONE can have nothing but the approval for the robust

"The patron has had only the customary number of clients"

attitude of the *demoiselles*. What is the pleasure to receive an apple from a gentleman who is nearly as old as Adam? *Point.* I might say that it would be sure to be all pip, but I will refrain. Impressed by the example of Quiévrechain, I shall be abstemious. The case of Quiévrechain is sufficient to guard one against the excesses.

For if any citizen of the commune of Quiévrechain has not become inebriated, it is because that on the day of the great leak he has been out of town. And all because of one man, the man who has discovered the leak. One has always been told that it is the need which does create the means to meet it. But here is a case where it is the means which have created the need. Before the piquant discovery there has not been the slightest touch of a plague of thirst at Quiévrechain. Otherwise there would have been the great swoop upon the *estaminet*. The *patron* has had only the customary number of *clients*. Nor has there been the prospect of the abnormal meals. For that would have led to the unusual call for *apéritifs*. No, all has been calm and serene in Quiévrechain.



"He thought it was a great pity to waste the good apéritif"

Till one inquisitive Quiévrechainnois has had the thought to make a close inspection of the *wagon-réservoir* of *quinquina* in the goods station, and has found that the huge barrel containing the *apéritif* has sprung the leak. Of course, he has thought it the great pity to waste the good *apéritif* and so he has applied himself enthusiastically to the consumption of the liquid which would otherwise have oozed away. He has engaged heroically in the task to stop the leak single-handed, unheedful of the extent of the perils which he has thus rashly faced. But soon his companions have missed him, and three of them have set out to learn what can have led him away from the common task.

When they have appreciated the uncommon task which has been responsible they have dashed to his aid, despite his protests that he is able to battle still longer with the torrent. After they have removed his mouth from the aperture, however, it has been evident that it was not too early, for he has been filled to overflowing with *quinquina*. He has subsided into unshakable somnolence by the side of the huge barrel. The "relief" piquet has followed him into slumber, one by one. But by this time the whole of the Quiévrechainnois has learned of the leak and is waiting in line to play a part in the noble task of stopping it.

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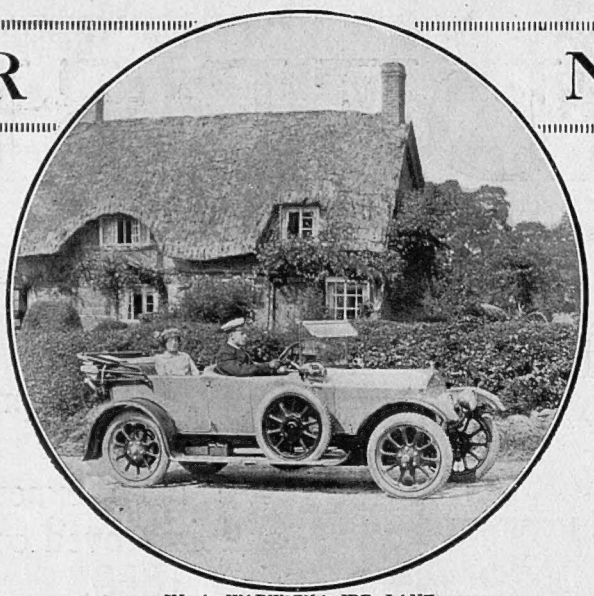
MOTOR NOTES



IN A WARWICKSHIRE LANE

A Wolseley "15" outside the picturesque village of Meriden, which claims to be the exact centre of England

IF the Motor Cycling Club is not very careful, one fine day some zealous policeman will be serving it with a summons for obstructing the main highway, if the London to Land's End run grows any bigger than it was this year for its eleventh annual trial. Three hundred and sixty-seven machines of all types, including solo motor-cycles, side-cars, three-wheelers, four-wheeled cycle-cars and light cars is no joke of a tail, as with a minute between each of them, it was something like 80 miles long. Out of the 122 cars which started, 91 finished, and I think it is a great credit that all the Ariel "Nines" entered in the 1,100 c.c. class obtained gold medals, the only make with more than two entries, whose team all finished and won medals. It is the most difficult trial this year that is likely to take place as far as cars are concerned, though I daresay the motor cyclists are looking forward to this year's six days A.C.U. trials to give them an even harder task. But then the weather is better. Really, so successful is the M.C.C. in getting entries for this event that I fancy it will have to limit them and accepted entry forms will be worth a premium. It would not be a bad idea if the said premium was given to the honorary organiser, as it is no small joke to make all the necessary arrangements for such a crowd.

* * *

OWNERS of cars with wire wheels are constantly grumbling when they have to clean them after dirty weather on the road. It was the ease with which they could be washed that brought the disc-wheel into favour. Quite recently, Ewarts, of geyser fame, produced, at the reasonable price of 50*s.* per wheel, attachable discs for wire-wheels which completely covers up the wire spokes, and so saves them from getting smothered in mud. The result is that when you have fitted Ewart's disc-wheels on to a car, the hose is sufficient to wash all the dirt from them, and this can be done either in position or when detached.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING the boom in the motor factories, and the demand for cars at the present time, motor manufacturers are doing their best to get back some of their export business. For instance, there is to be a motor section at the International Exhibition, being held at Gothenburg in May and June next, and several British cars will be represented there. England takes a foremost part in high-grade production, and two 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder Napier carriages will be shown at Gothenburg, one with an

(*Continued on page 136*)

VAUXHALL

Low price with great technical interest

THE Vauxhall factory has never been so busy as it is now. The reason is found in the low price and great technical interest of the current models.

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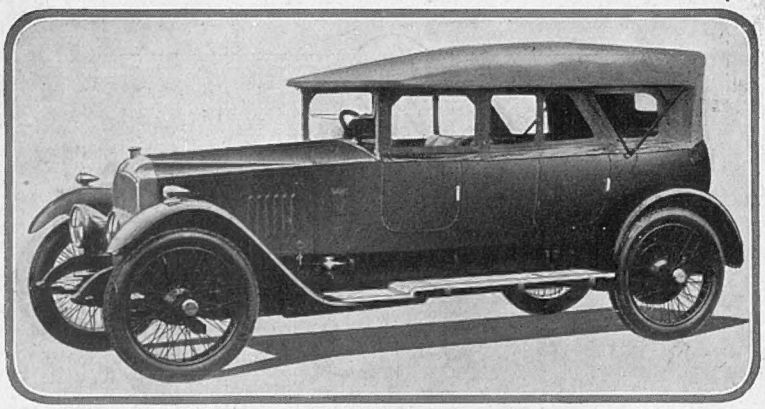

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ROLLS-ROYCE

The Opinion of

SIR ROBERT A. HADFIELD, Bart.
D.Sc., D.Met., F.R.S., F.I.C., M.Inst.C.E.
in a Lecture delivered before the Cambridge University Engineering Society, on January 25, 1923,

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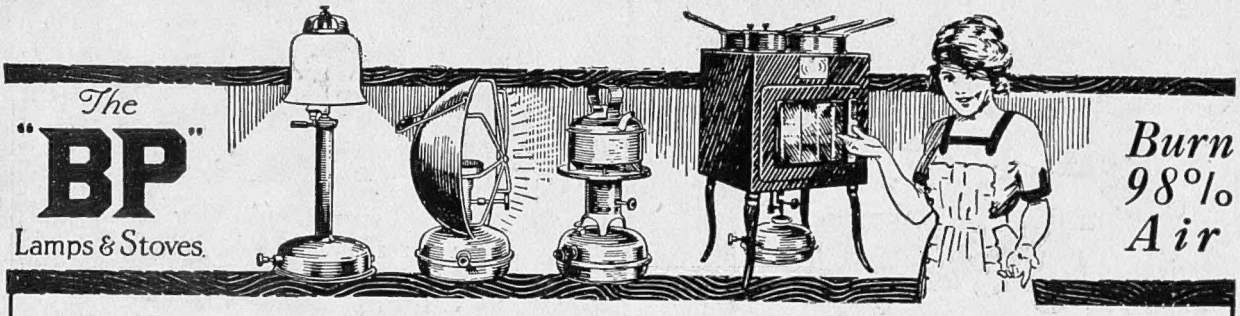

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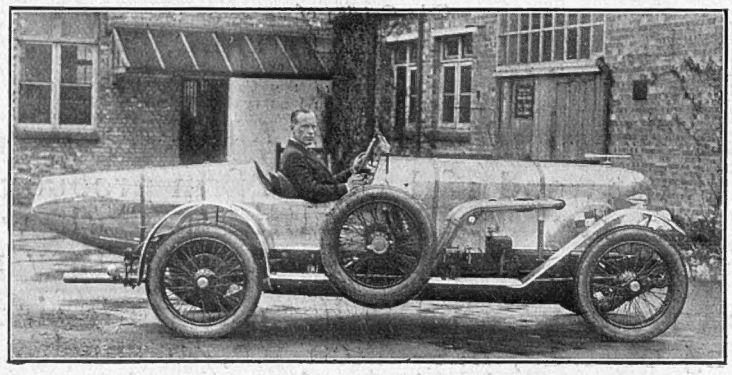
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

open touring body, and the other with a Pullman saloon, both built by the Cunard Motor and Carriage Company, Ltd. Both are very handsome productions, and the mechanical features of this, the latest super-chassis, will bear favourable comparison with any which may be staged there built on the Continent. Excellent reports, too, come from Birmingham of the motor-cycle trade, as, for instance, the Norton Company are turning out 100 machines per week, their full capacity, and a good percentage are for the Colonies and the Continent, in spite of the exchange difficulty. No doubt this extension of business is largely attributable to the road-racing records established by this firm last year.

* * *

For the last eighteen years the Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd., have fitted the Almagam grooved-tread on tyres sent to this firm for retreading. Mr. Thomas Warwick, the managing director, and his associates, have now brought out a new pattern retread, known as the "Swastika," and they have every reason to believe that in time this will supersede the grooved-tread because of its extraordinarily good non-skidding propensities. This new Almagam "Swastika" tread carried with it the same guarantee as the old grooved-tread, *i.e.*, 3,000 miles, and is the same price.



"... SO SPEED THE SILVER ARROW"

The powerful 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall sporting model, the purchase of which was made conditional on the lapping of Brooklands at 100 m.p.h. The "Silver Arrow" successfully achieved this, attaining a speed of 105 m.p.h. in the teeth of a strong wind

It is pleasant to note the large number of Vauxhalls that one sees on the road to-day. But, after all, the 14 h.p. Vauxhall, at its present price, is one of the best bargains in the motor market. I don't know whether all these are being sold down south, but there seemed no end of them on the Portsmouth road lately. The truth is that the Vauxhall is the true sporting car, yet very easy to handle, otherwise you would not see so many girls driving them; while the 30-98 h.p Vauxhall is still regarded as the fastest thing on the road, notwithstanding other claimants. Both these cars seem popular at the 'Varsities, and the enthusiasm seems to be shared by the parents who pay the bills, for in it is developed the chassis with the limousine body upon it. It is all very fine for the young men to have open touring cars, but the middle-aged generation has grown wise to the comfort of the fully enclosed bus. Also, side curtains are a make-shift which spoils the appearance of any car; but I am looking forward to some future touring-car with a roll-up top and the usual lifting windows at the side, which yet do not rattle. This will take the place of the open touring-*cum*-side curtain arrangement.

Old Hy.

An Invitation.

May we send a car to your home for a thorough demonstration, so that you may realise the substantial value of the Overland? We want you to feel the smooth flowing power and the sturdy certainty of the Overland which adds to the pleasure of driving.

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Since 1906 I have owned, in all, eleven different makes of cars, each one of which was at the time one of the leading types of its year. In justice to them, I must say that I have, with a single exception, loved them all, but it has remained for the Bentley to leave me entirely satisfied, with no hankering whatever to be able to add to it some attribute possessed by the production of another maker."

(The original letter may be seen on application).

Standard or T.T. Chassis .. £1050.
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